

# *The* **American Legion** *Weekly*

JANUARY 2, 1920

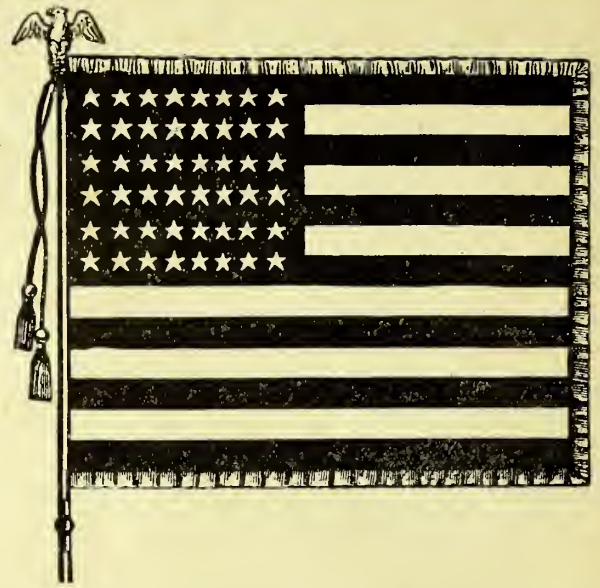
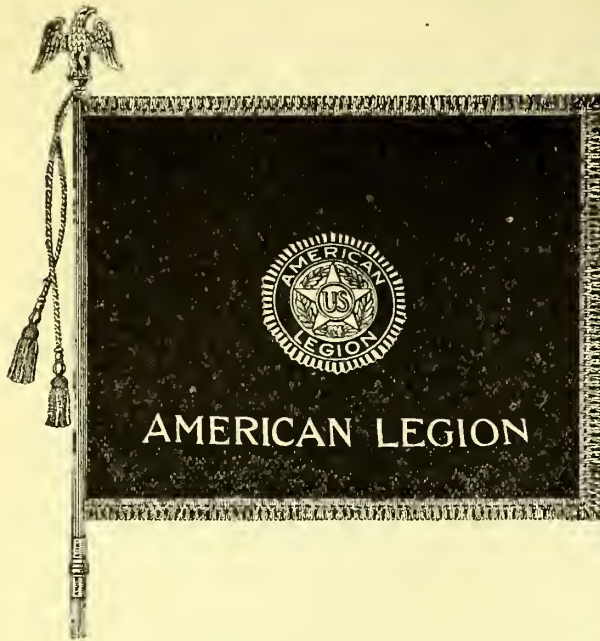
Volume 2

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TEN CENTS A COPY

1920



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As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

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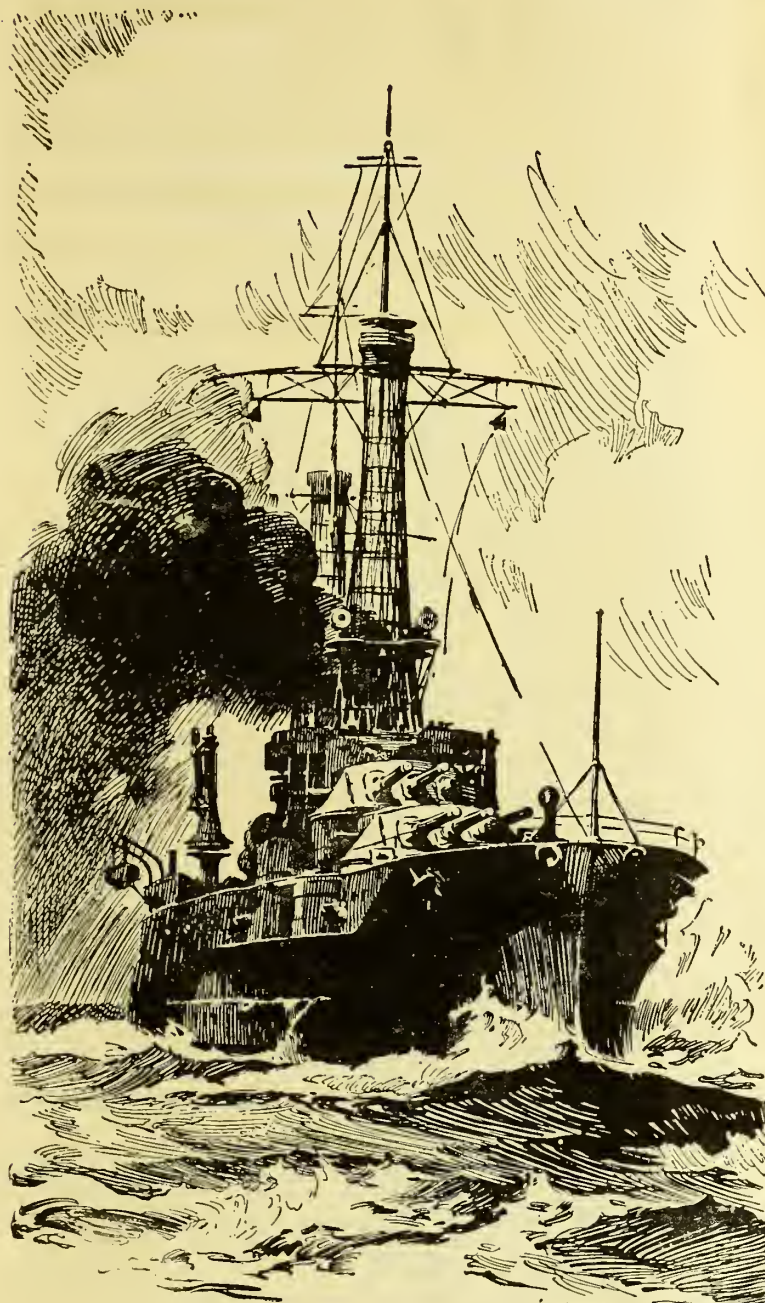
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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,  
THE AMERICAN LEGION,  
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# If you had been on the Arizona



**H**ERE she comes, homeward bound, with "a bone in her teeth," and a record for looking into many strange ports in six short months.

If you had been one of her proud sailors you would have left New York City in January, been at Guantanamo, Cuba, in February, gone ashore at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in March and stopped at Brest, France, in April to bring the President home. In May the Arizona swung at her anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, Turkey. In June she rested under the shadow of Gibraltar and in July she was back in New York harbor.

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# The American Legion Weekly

Official Publication of  
The American Legion



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## The Goat

By ROBERT J. CASEY

WHEN Dimitrio Scarpa got himself entangled in a conveyer chain and was borne to the company of his illustrious forebears by the two-hundred-horsepower engines of the mill, few tears were shed by William Howard Crothers.

■ Crothers was the superintendent and he had worries which did not include the passing of a Syrian trimmer. There would be other trimmers in the world—there certainly were more than enough Syrians, though the ethnology of the situation was a matter of no particular consequence. What bothered him was that Dimitrio in his departure from this life had accomplished the wrecking of three important pulleys. The mill would be tied up for several hours.

Crothers measured the going of the Syrian in the terms of a hundred thousand feet of lumber that remained uncut.

■ That Dimitrio's death might have been due to a negligent policy with regard to the placing of necessary protective devices did not occur to him.

■ He walked out on to the tramways, discharged a piler whose artistry in loading a car with flooring offended his critical eye, cursed a grader who had been unsuccessful in an attempt to pick a thousand feet of No. 1 common out of a pile of culls, vented much violent language coupled with threats of physical and moral destruction upon the head of the planing mill foreman and went back to his office in a frame of mind thoroughly in keeping with the trend of the day's developments.

■ William Howard Crothers was a good mill boss. He never allowed anyone to think for an instant that he was anything else. He had no friends but received compensation for this sacrifice, such as it was, in the way of undisputed leadership and consequent salary. He was a slave driver who knew all the tricks of his trade. "Simon Legree," the men called him, and that was his least opprobrious title. He rejoiced in it.

He succeeded in the mill because he had been born at the proper time. Ten years earlier in the hills his policy or his carcass would have been subjected to

sundry revisions. Ten years later a more independent class of workmen would have sent a delegation to the chief stockholders of the mill and effected his resignation.



"What'd you kill my pop for?"

BUT Crothers got along. Spiritually the men had become inured to ill-treatment. Disillusioned Argonauts they were—some from the old world, some from the new—adventurers whose quest for the golden fleece always ended in a dollar a day solace in a mine or a mill. The spirited ones curbed their tempers

as a matter of policy. But there were few with spirit left to curb. They listened half heartedly to the diatribes of the superintendent and bore him no great ill will. He was only an incident in a life of varied unpleasantnesses and they accepted him as a necessary condition to their daily pittance, a sort of advance payment on a night of alcohol and forgetfulness.

He had no home life. He went away from the mill at night to a bare room in a frame hotel and spent his evenings on the broad veranda when the weather permitted, and beside the pot-bellied stove in the lobby when it did not, puffing at a blackened pipe and listening with an antagonistic interest that never found expression to the conversations of his fellow guests. In the midst of any group he was alone. His aloofness threw up a wall about him that the most venture-some lobby orator dared not attempt to scale.

There were stories in circulation through mill-town that he had been married once—that his wife and two children had died in a fire that destroyed their home. But to believe a tale like that would have been to cloak Crothers in a sentimental robe of righteousness that might not match the ghastly inhumanity of his soul. So nobody believed it.

They took home what was left of Dimitrio Scarpa, the Syrian trimmer, consoled the widow as well as circumstances permitted, and left her pitiful shack to console themselves.

Scarpa had died opportunely. The next day was Sunday. So there was a large and successful funeral and afterward the mourners—all except the widow who may have had the intention but certainly did not have

the wherewithal—got very drunk.

On his way home Saturday night, the superintendent encountered a shivering urchin at the end of the foot bridge. A mite of a child he was, scarcely as tall as the squat fence posts that marked the wagon trail to the ford. Crothers might have walked by without seeing him had



he not darted suddenly into the center of the path. There was a hint of menace in the act entirely out of keeping with the diminutive proportions of the boy. Involuntarily the man halted.

"Want to speak to me, boy," he demanded brusquely.

"Yes, I wanna speak to you," came the prompt answer. "What'd you kill my pop for?"

Crothers could not believe his ears. Here was opposition—defiance and a perfect absence of fear. This child was doing to him what no grown man had dared to do in years. And for once he realized that a barb had pierced his thick skin.

"You're Dimitrio's kid?" he asked.

"Yes, and you killed him," was the prompt reply.

Crothers bent over and received a full arm blow from a tiny fist full in the face. The contact thrilled him inexplicably. The old lust to conquer surged over him and simultaneously came the realization that he could not conquer. This baby's will was potentially as strong as his own. He could box the boy's ears and send him about his business, but he could not overawe him.

"You little devil," he breathed admiringly. "You're a real boy." He gathered young Scarpa in his great arms and held him until the milling of arms and legs had ended in semi-exhaustion.

"NOW listen here, son," he counselled when the youngster lay sobbing in his arms. "I'm as sorry as you are that your daddy is gone"—it was with something of a shock that he realized he was telling the truth—"I didn't kill him. I'd like to bring him back to you and your mom. But I can't. You believe what I'm telling you, don't you?"

The boy ceased crying and looked up at him.

"I don't think you killed my pop," he decided with the quick judgment of youth.

Crothers released him, dried his eyes with a clean handkerchief and pressed a bill into his hand.

"You're going to be my boy now," he said. "Run along home to your mom, and come and see me in the morning."

As the child disappeared in the shadows of lower milltown the superintendent rubbed his cheek as if he still could feel the blow of the thin little fist.

"The kid stood up to me," he murmured proudly as he set out again toward town. "Couldn't be bluffed. . . . He's the only man in milltown."

On Monday a small boy, half clad, half fed and blue with the cold stepped into the timekeeper's office and asked to see the superintendent. He was scarcely more than ten years old—a diminutive personification of woe. He closed the door carefully and stood next to the stove with arms outspread in welcome to the warmth for some minutes before stating his business.

Crothers came into the office with a bundle of shipping tickets, spied the dirty little urchin and stood looking at him queerly. The timekeeper sneered contemptuously behind the superintendent's back as a sort of premature protest against the expected outburst. But the outburst did not come.

"Good morning, kiddo," Crothers called cheerfully. The timekeeper started. He had heard the hard-bitten boss speak to many a newcomer in his three years with the Landers Saw Mill Company, but there was an inflection here—a note—that had never been there before.

The boy drew a tattered sleeve across his nose.

"I want a job," he said. "Aint big, but kin work a whole lot."

It was evidently a bit of oration prepared and practiced in advance, and the youthful applicant sighed with relief to discover that he had repeated it all without a mistake.

"What's your first name, sonny?" Crothers asked.

"Hadrian—Hadrian Scarpa."

The timekeeper started perceptibly—Dimitrio's kid!

Evidently the thought of the departed Dimitrio crossed the mind of the boy at the same time, for he fought one brief moment with himself, then drew his grimy sleeve across his eyes.

Twice he started to speak but dared not trust his trembling lips. And the slave driver stood staring at him as if he had seen a ghost—the ghost of a child who might have been about Hadrian's age now if he had not perished in a fire. The timekeeper looked on in surprise. Was it possible that this inhuman machine, this cold, hard, soulless thing could show signs of emotion? He saw but could not believe. Nature is not so easily remade. . . . Man runs true to form. . . . But presently there was no doubting.

"It's tough luck, old man," Crothers said in a voice that he himself must never have recognized as his own. There was a world of sympathy in it, and more than that, a soul-deep understanding of children.

"Remember what I told you. You're the man of the house now. You've got your mom left and you have to take care of her."

THE boy instinctively felt that he had been spoken to as man to man. He had been accepted as an equal—a grown-up—by this big man who had promised to help him.

He ceased crying at once and tried to straighten his thin little shoulders to fit the dimensions of his newly acquired distinction.

"Have you any brothers?" inquired the superintendent.

"None," said Hadrian. "Just me and my mom." Once more the haunted look came into Crothers' eyes.

"You can have a job here, old man," he said. "I'll put you up in the lath mill and you can start out to learn the lumber business. You'll get ten dollars a week."

Hadrian attempted to reply but could not. This sudden acquisition of wealth overpowered him. He was ten years old and a dollar for each year was more than anyone would have expected. His father had been paid only twenty. His small gray eyes took on brilliancy under the backwash of tears in expectation. And looking at him Crothers suddenly became himself again.

"Give the kid a check," he ordered the timekeeper gruffly. "And then take him up and put him to work. Try to show him enough so he won't get mixed up with the saws." Then, turning abruptly to the boy, "Go with the man, kid. Do as he tells you, and if I catch you up to any devilment I'll box your ears."

Whereat the timekeeper received another shock. The boy instead of trembling at the ominous change in the boss's manner, smiled at him—actually smiled. Crothers, once more drawn safely within his shell, went out.

Hadrian Scarpa went to work, feeding "bolts" to a voracious machine in the lath mill.

Crothers showed no signs of further relapses from the established order. He never referred to the incident save by an occasional display of antagonism toward the timekeeper. He did not intend that his inadvertent display of softness should be misinterpreted.

DESPITE this an understanding sprang up between the men that neither could have defined, that neither more than half suspected. It never found its way into words but thrived surprisingly well in silence. If called upon to sum up his estimate of the timekeeper, Crothers would have observed that he was a reliable, thorough-going young fellow who minded his own business. Put to the appraisal of Crothers, the timekeeper would have catalogued him as a loud-voiced, hard-headed, soft-hearted fraud.

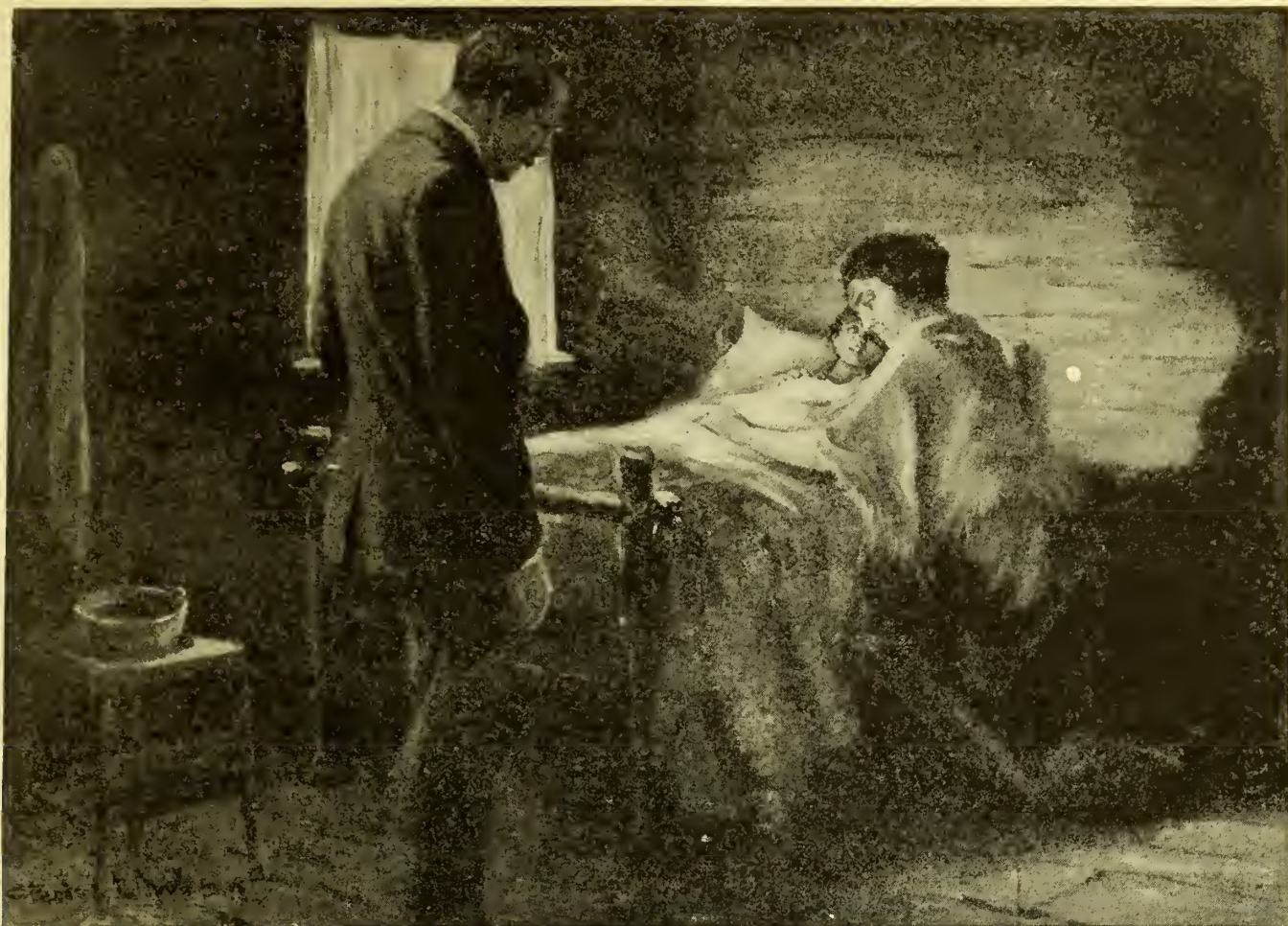
But to the others in the mill, save for the installation of guard devices about all open machinery, there was nothing in the going of Dimitrio or the coming of his ten-year-old son that indicated any change in the disposition of the superintendent.

Typhoid came to the hills hand in hand with a Chinook. The warm wind loosened the ice in Cascade Canyon and with it numerous imprisoned minutiae which floated lazily southward on a mission of destruction. Near the Landers mill the slush ice jammed, the creek overflowed and the poisoned waters seeped into a well. There was only one victim. The mill physician diagnosed his case in time to post a warning. But the hot hand of typhoid was on Hadrian before the deadly work of the river was suspected. The boy went home from work, lay ill all night and attempted to go back to his place in the lath mill in the morning. Then a neighbor got word to the superintendent and the doctor was called, but it was too late to attempt to move the boy to the hospital. Burning alive he lay in a pitiful bunk in a drafty tarpapered shack, putting up a manly fight for life that it seemed he could never win.

The superintendent sat at his bedside all the first day of his illness, much to the scandal of the mill men who took this maudlin sentimentality over a "wop lath mill hand" as a symptom of paresis. However much they might have sympathized with the boy in his illness, such demonstrations they reserved as their own particular function. They resented the boss's presence as an intrusion.

But Crothers, with his usual aptitude for such tasks, speedily set them right.





*"I'm going away, mom; I'm going where my pop is."*

He seemed to have accomplished the miracle of being in two places at once, for no one ever dropped into the ancient Scarpa shack without finding him there and the mill men, pilers and graders could have testified that his iron grip was never gone from the mill.

**B**UT for all the care that an interested physician and a sympathetic nurse could give him, Hadrian began to slip away.

One afternoon he recovered consciousness, summoned his mother to his side and kissed her good-bye.

"I'm goin' away, mom," he told her. "I'm goin' where my pop is," and he smiled when she burst into tears and clasped his flaming forehead close to her breast.

That day the physician looked doubtful when Crothers asked him what might be the boy's chances for recovery.

On that day also came the goat.

Hadrian's mother paid the last of her small savings for the goat. She brought it home, a bawling, protesting, wrong-headed little brute, and tied it to one corner of the shack.

The superintendent and the doctor looked on in wonder. They feared that the woman's accumulated grief must be preying upon her mind. But she speedily disillusioned them.

"It is the custom of my country," she told them in halting English. "I play games wit' death for my son. He live, we kill the goat—have big feast.

He die, the goat go free—back to his mountains, his own boss again.

"The goat die, my son live. Always it is so."

"Strange superstition," said the doctor. "Waste of money," said Crothers, looking at the unconscious boy.

It seemed so before the night was many hours older. The Chinook gasped its last warm breath into the canyon and the still cold of the mountains settled down again. The goat protested. He fought against the chain that held him inactive, wailing in a forceful if plaintive tone and punctuating each outcry with a plunging struggle that shook the hut in every corner. And the boy grew steadily worse.

The doctor started several times to speak to the mother against a continuation of this wager with fate but could not muster the courage. He had seen much of the foreigners who came to the hills to work in the mines and saw-mills and had learned from experience how deep rooted is custom.

One lunge against the restrictions of the chain threatened to pull out the wall to which the boy's bunk was fastened. Hadrian opened his eyes, attempted to moisten his dry lips and spoke to Crothers.

"That's one strong goat," he said. "The old woman has straight dope on it. I aint so strong. I guess I'm goin' out."

Then he lay still again.

"You aren't going to let a goat beat you, are you?" scoffed the superintendent with a heartiness he was far from feeling.

The boy smiled feebly.

"My mom knows," he repeated in a voice so low that Crothers had to bend close to hear it. "I can't beat that goat. He's a strong goat."

**C**ROTHERS had hopes that pneumonia, that grim foe of man and beast alike, might alter destiny.

Icy blasts treaded upon the heels of the Chinook. Starvation, the gaunt specter that was never far from the door of the Scarpa shack, threatened to have an effect on the goat's future. But Hadrian's estimate of the animal's endurance had been good. The goat thrived in the terrible weather and grew fat on the rare crumbs allowed to fall from the Scarpa table.

It seemed strange that, in a body so nearly aflame with the fever, the spark that is called life should have dwindled so, but in Hadrian's case the paradox was pitifully true. Hour by hour he lay on the pyre of typhoid dreaming of cool waters and blessed shade that it seemed he could never reach.

And outside the goat bawled his defiance.

Then a miracle happened.

It was along toward morning—the hour when life seems at its lowest ebb—when Mrs. Scarpa sat alone by the cot putting ice packs to the boy's hot forehead, that she realized a crisis was at hand. Her mother's instinct would have told her of it despite her scant acquaintance with the ways of the dread devil

(Continued on page 32)



# The Way Out—Produce

## There Are Three Billion Lost Working Days to Be Retrieved

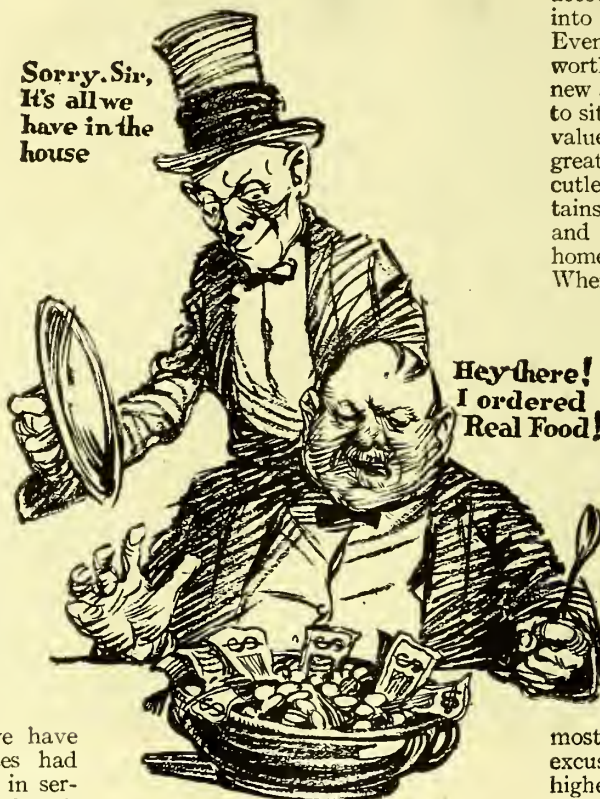
By W. L. WHITTLESEY

**G**ETTING a living for the whole United States is like paddling a canoe—it must be kept up. If there were only one paddler that would be plain for everybody to see, and though there are forty million the everlasting principle is the same. Men come and go at their jobs; Sunday is a day of rest for a good majority of the forty millions; holiday and other intervals are successfully tided over, but one fact remains: the day's work keeps this country going. Nothing else will; nothing else can replace that. The sum total of what is done day by day is the heart beat and vital breath of what civilization we have. The war showed how dear that is, how much our country's welfare means. Why, then, do we lessen the national good for which our soldiers fought? Why are not all of us eager for that increase of production, that greater making of things, on which the lives of every last one of us depend for pleasure and comfort, and, finally, for existence itself?

Think for a minute what we have already lost. The United States had nearly four million men enrolled in service; therefore 1,200,000,000 days of work were lost from the usual job in the course of a single year. Other busy millions had to turn to making guns, explosives, shells and the like articles, not very useful in peace time. Probably as many, if not more, hours of labor must be counted out for these activities. Of course a soldier has to be clothed and fed just as well as if he were a civilian (if not more so), and we cannot say that anything much was taken from the usual business channels for such purposes. The new demands of war were met in part by having fewer strikes and less unemployment, by inducing men and women to go into useful work who had been out of it before, but were so met only in part. The big fact is that for a while we stopped doing many of the usual things in order to save our country, and the ordinary chores were left to hold over for another day. What does that mean in terms of days' work lost?

**S**UPPOSE the war cost us about \$15,000,000,000 net, and suppose these war-costs, like other costs, are about four-fifths labor. Taking the labor at four dollars per day for an average figure, it follows that the United States is behind 3,000,000,000 days' work on account of the war. It is exactly the same as if a settler busy digging a well should stop two days to help catch and try a horse-thief. Of course he must do it as a good citizen, no question about that, but he will be two whole days later getting his well dug, two days longer in reaching the handy water supply that his family and his farm

**Sorry, Sir,  
It's all we  
have in the  
house**



**Hey there!  
I ordered  
Real Food!**

animals need. (He may waste a lot more time talking it over at the post-office, but no one can figure on that.) These statistics are rough in the extreme, but are probably as near the truth as any figures can be that deal in totals so vast: the United States right now is short some 3,000,000,000 days of work.

A lot of us ran into that fact in March and April, in August and September, when we wanted to rent a new abiding place and found that the last two years' supply of houses had not been built. It's easy to see whether the toast was or was not made for breakfast and an empty plate means going without. The where-to-hang-your-hat question is harder to see, but the principle is the same. Moving days come around as communities grow and change, and if new buildings have not been made ready some of us must go without. Others must crowd into less space and both these makeshifts are now the lot of hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens. How many good houses would even three million days of work build?

We ordinary room-users see only the scarcity of houses but, back of that, all the thousand and one things, from bricks to wire, that go into houses are also scarce. Pick up any technical paper that deals with electrical matters, or lumber, or hardware, etc., and you will find constant reference made to the lack in the market of this, that and the other thing. And every last one of these means just so

many days' work that was not done on account of the war. Furniture to put into houses is scarce for the same reason. Even the measliest second-hand chair is worth more now than it was when new a few years ago and is not a bit easier to sit on because of the so-called higher value. "The fewer the higher" is the great fact of trade. This applies to dishes, cutlery, household linen, carpets, curtains and everything else that is used in and about a dwelling. The American home is short millions of days' work. When will it be made up?

The great mass of average consumers who live or want to live in that average American home are in the same fix. The clothes they would like to wear have not been made; the shoes they would like to walk in have not been cobbled. They stand up in railroad trains and endure freight delays because the needed cars and engines have not been built. The smaller supply is made to last longer by going without, by using less, by tiding over in one way and another. Doing so does not improve the temper of any but the salt of the earth, and

most of us are not that. So we look for excuses; we blame the traders and the higher prices they charge us; we listen eagerly to investigations and to plans for more investigations. Anybody with a theory of money inflation, or of goods being hoarded, can get a hearing. (And often he had some facts on his side.) The settler digging that well has a much clearer situation. He knows his completed well has not been hidden or put into cold storage or kept from him by any other means; he's behind on the work, that's all. Why cannot our nation as a whole see that same fact underlying all our present discomfort? Why do we not do as he does—set our minds on making up for lost work?

**W**ELL, for one thing, there's a money camouflage over the real facts of our present situation. To work for pay is to work for money. We buy and sell and plan business by means of money. A war changes needs and so changes prices and so makes money much more important in men's minds. In war-time money talks faster and with a louder voice than ever before. Anybody can see figures on price tags, can read of new fortunes being made, of high wages being paid—and spent. Most of us do, and the conclusion we come to is just about this: "Those fellows are getting theirs; if I could only get mine I would be all right." And "theirs" and "mine" are taken to mean money! Very few stop to think of getting in where the growing values are, of supplying the scarce thing, the needed service. Most eyes stop at the dollar mark. And the wonder of it, the blindness of it, is that though harassed by



the need of things, of shoes and clothes and rooms and fuel and food, yet we feel certain that money, more money, lots of it, is what we want! The paddler must paddle or his canoe stops (or it drifts only), the settler must keep digging or his well is no nearer done, but any one worker can buy what he wants from the rest of the forty million if only *he* has the money to do it with. That is the money-camouflage that is fooling a lot of us today.

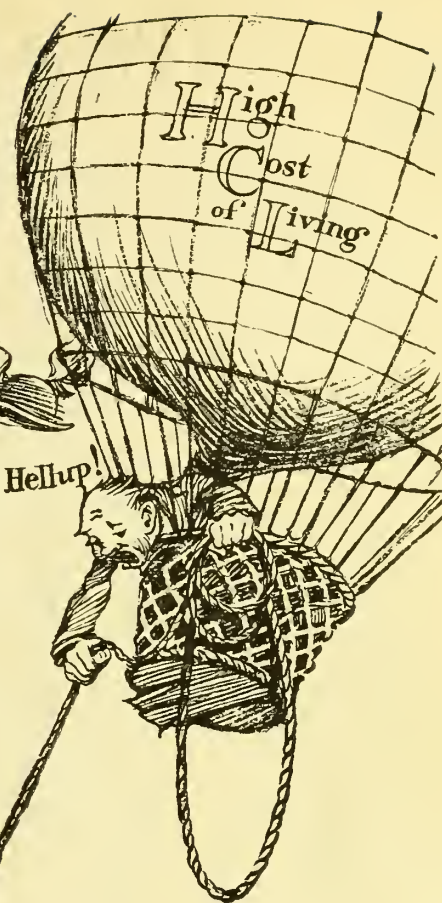
Is a man in that frame of mind going to stick close to the job and make up for lost time? Or is he going to try to take in more cash so he can buy his way out of trouble? The answer is being threshed out in all parts of the world in a great variety of ways. "Free Russia" took to the printing press and turned out roubles thicker than autumn leaves so that the Petrograd cab-drivers now say "rouble" where they used to say "kopeck" (that is, a dollar is a cent and a hundred dollars is one dollar!)

In all this confusion of theories and lies the men closer to the soil seem to have kept their heads better, for the Russian peasant, wherever the soldiers and law-breakers have let him, has harvested the largest crops in recent years. The Central European countries, however short of things and men, are still able to try plans for getting something away from the other fellow and have fought several mean little wars this last summer and fall in the effort to do so.

That same quarrelsome spirit, deaf to the call of hard facts, underlies a lot of the confusion in our own country. Thousands upon thousands of men are acting as if the way to catch up on those 3,000,000,000 lost days was to wipe out some more days! There are always good reasons for what we feel like doing, and no trouble-maker will ever lack excuses. Bad-tempered employers are tired of arguing with their men, the future is uncertain, prices are too high, wages must come down. Bad-tempered labor leaders want to make themselves more important, want to insure their own

jobs as leaders who bring home the bacon. Men who do not think much feel sure that war prosperity ought to keep on and ought to be even greater now that war is over. Minds that have been somewhat strained by the fantastic excitement of war as felt at home, see all their dreams becoming possibilities if only force enough can be brought to bear on those too stupid to agree with them. So we have the utterly crazy sight of a country that needs steady work more than anything else taking time off to make work more unsteady and more uncertain! The lost days pile up remorselessly, the scarce things become scarcer, and the high prices mount upward.

**M**OST of our forty million workers, even the farmers, are in business of one sort or another. Business means doing something rather than talking about it. The talk-sectors of our human affairs are rather outside of business and in government and the like. When people get excited they must talk, and this usually means stopping business to add to that awful total of lost days. When the office-holders and the would-be office-holders were campaigning for your vote this fall how many of them told you that the cure for troubles was to help yourself by tending steadily to your own knitting? How many of them, rather, made all sorts of foggy promises of what they would do to aid you by jumping on somebody else who was all wrong? You know the answer! It is all bunk. Kansas fairly foamed with that sort of stuff in the early '90s when the Populists were loose with all their schemes (some good, some bad) for bringing in the millennium right away. But Kansas

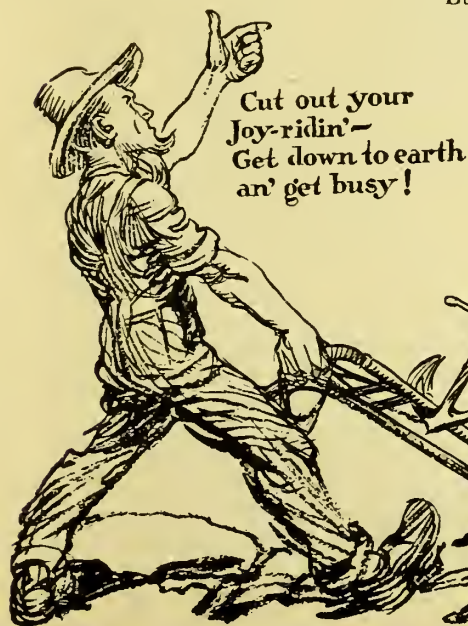


did not get proper us until her people settled down and took editor William Allen White's famous advice to "raise less hell and more corn." That made Kansas.

These political campaigners mostly resemble the old steamboat on the Sangamon River in Illinois as Abraham Lincoln told about it: this craft had an eight-foot whistle and a six-foot boiler, and whenever it whistled it stopped! When our office-seekers are out stumping for election they hardly ever come through with a single, solid, practical idea. They are all absorbed in whistling politically. The talkers are not going to help us catch up on our lost days.

If the modern way of making the things needed was as direct as paddling a canoe or digging a well it would be easier to get started on that after-war prosperity which we all want to see established. But our country has some 300,000 separate outfits engaged in manufacturing. These companies work all along the line on different materials and on different products. The course of productive business is like a gigantic web of interwoven strands. Who can say where to start weaving more? Perhaps the only sensible answer is that we do not need to. It would drive any man crazy (no matter how great a genius he might be) to try to tell a field of wheat just how to grow, to attempt to get up routines and orders for the sprouting of the seed, the budding of the stalks, the filling of the husks, and so on. That cannot be done

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Cut out your  
Joy-ridin'-  
Get down to earth  
an' get busy!





# THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



## In the Shadow of the Capitol

**I**T was as it should have been that The American Legion's first concerted demands on Congress for immediate constructive beneficial soldier legislation should be made in behalf of the wounded and disabled. The circumstances, which will remain a part of the lasting traditions of The American Legion, were dramatic.

Congressmen and high officials charged with care of disabled soldiers and sailors met at the Capitol with the Legion's representatives from every state in the Union. Sixteen men who had been severely wounded in battle were presented by the Legion to tell how they had fared under the provisions for their care that had been made by a grateful republic.

Now these sixteen men were not specially selected by the Legion. They were brought in from a military hospital that lies almost in the shadow of the great Capitol dome. They told their stories without complaint, with the simple directness of the American fighting man whose courage has been tempered by the white flames of the front line. And except that their wounds had been dressed and that they had been given food and a place to sleep, these men had reason to feel that they had been abandoned by the United States Government.

Promises, yes. They went to war with promises. With more than promises—with a written contract in the form of War Risk Insurance that if they were maimed in the hell of action they would be helped through the period and processes of reconstruction. But as to the realization of those pledges—well, the promises have now been renewed, and in the presence of The American Legion, and they are going to be kept this time. Not only the old pledges, but new ones supplementing the old contracts and based on equity and justice.

There were a number of very inspiring speeches from members of Congress after these wounded veterans had been heard. The excuse of pressure of peace treaties and railroad legislation did not figure in these speeches as it had figured in earlier and more informal discussions. There was assurance that the Sweet bill, which takes a considerable step towards aiding the disabled veterans, would be put through as a Christmas present. Which was done a few days later—and which may fittingly be set down among the lasting traditions of Congress in place of the incident of the forgotten disabled men brought from a hospital that lies almost in the shadow of the Capitol dome.

And there were positive assurances that a grateful nation would continue to express in substantial form its "gratitude and sympathy for the thousands of disabled men." A splendid intent which we feel certain will be carried out; but we would prefer, in justice to the disabled men, to set aside the sentiment, even that of passing the Sweet bill as a Christmas present.

There is no element of either gratitude or sympathy rightfully involved in the problem of restoring

the disabled veteran to usefulness and productivity. The matter of proper vocational training, care, and compensation is a hard and fast matter of equity and justice. It is an equalization as between the few who gave far more than their share and the many who gave only their share or less than their share when the common household was threatened by the wildfire of German autocracy.

It is in this light—and not in any sentimental light or show of gratitude, that all beneficial soldier legislation must be viewed. An adjustment as between those who gave more than their share and those who gave less than their share in a moment of national menace that threatened all alike. The inequalities of sacrifice and service can never be balanced. Just what shall be done by way of adjustment is one of the great problems in equity yet to be solved.

But the proper starting point and the point at which a real start should have been made long months ago is with the man whose soundness of body went into the common cause. He is deprived, in thousand of cases, of his ability to return to his pre-war trade or vocation. If he was a brakeman when he went to war, and he lost a leg and an arm, then he is no longer a brakeman. If he was a farmer, he is no longer a farmer since the loss of his arms. If he was a carpenter before a hand was shot away, he is no longer a carpenter.

Yet the same spirit that beat Germany persists in these men. They are, for the most part, in the prime of youth, and they all want to be, not public wards but productive citizens. They want to be trained anew in a vocation fitted to their physical limitations. If their physical limitations are such that there is no vocation in which they can approximate their pre-war earning powers then an adjustment by the nation of the difference is a matter of simple equity. And, moreover, it is a matter of fulfilling a binding contract entered into with the government when they bought War Risk Insurance, paying the premiums from the pittance they had left from their thirty dollars a month after deductions had been made for Liberty Bonds or for assisting dependents at home.

The immediate problem is to place them all in training for a new and productive usefulness. The attempt on the part of the government in the past six months to do this has been feeble and sporadic. Vocational training has been a phrase far more than it has been a fact. Even where training was available quibbling over the allowance a disabled soldier should receive has delayed or prevented his starting that training. In fact existing regulations have been interpreted against the disabled man rather than for him. How strong the contrast between this weak policy and the spirit of the country when it was raising its army for war!

The vigorous energy with which these men were recruited, trained and rushed to the battlefields of Europe must be the measure of the activity which the government now, at this late hour, puts into the proper care and training of the disabled.





*Terrible Outrage: Some scoundrel threw a cake of soap into a Bolshevik meeting.*



# The Old-Timer

The Product of an Epoch That Has Passed

By MARQUIS JAMES

**A**N ARMY in wartime is like society at the annual Charity Ball—everybody that wants to gets in. Exclusiveness does not exist. The comparison may be extended. Like a charity ball, war is a destructive and unnecessary, yet equally inescapable evil, which comes tranquilly along on the tides of time to engulf and embarrass a picturesque, old bureaucracy.

Charity balls come oftener than wars, but they do not last as long. Consequently the destruction they achieve neither is as great nor as widespread as that accomplished by war. After a brief hour of triumph the invaders withdraw from the field. Society consolidates its forces next day, effects its accustomed dispositions and reestablishes the old front. Its line is impenetrable for another year, and rare is the social climber who gathers the courage to essay a *coup de main* thereupon.

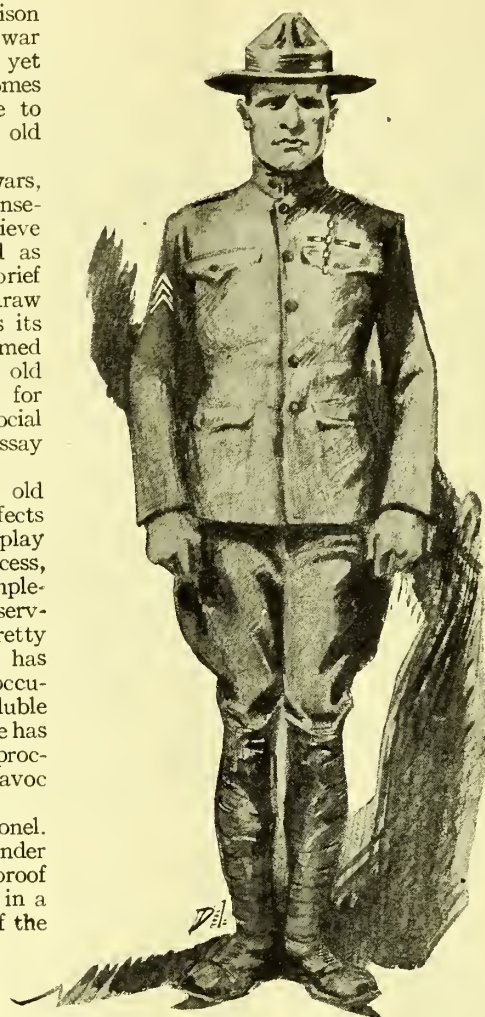
The recovery of the army—the old army of before the war—from the effects and consequences of the recent display of hostilities has been a slower process, but that process is now nearing completion and even the most careless of observers can detect that it has been a pretty fair going job. A nation in arms has melted back into a nation in the occupations of peace, leaving that insoluble lump, the professional army. One has only to review the drastic steps the process requires to comprehend the havoc war can wreak upon a regular army.

The other day I met my old colonel. He looked awfully out of character under that pair of captain's bars. It was proof of the truth of the prophecy voiced in a song the casual officers in the hold of the transport *Zeppelin* sang of another colonel who commanded them on the homing voyage:

There, little Colonel, don't you cry;  
You'll be a Captain by and by!

And so it is. Most of the old officers of the grade of major and above have been busted down a rank or two and have turned in their automobiles. The "duration" men and the temporary and reserve officers largely have faded back into the civilian world from whence they came.

That statement is all right as far as it goes. Not all "temporary gentlemen," as an old ex-first sergeant used to call them, faded back into the civilian life from whence they came, for the reason that they did not come from there. These are the old time noncoms, who took their commissions as part of the misfortunes of war back in 1917, and in 1919 dropped back, returning their insignia of rank from the shoulders to the upper right sleeve. The spick young lieutenant, a year out of the Point, who cracked his heels and dished out his most authentic salute to the punctilious old major who was always on the louies' tails, today may be bawling out that same ex-major for having a dirty rifle.



**T**HAT will do, of course, to write, in illustration of the point, but it will never happen in fact.

In the first place, those cagey old-timers do not get caught with dirty rifles, and in the second place young lieutenants hardly would bawl one out before the company if he did. In the old army a wise old sergeant ranked a green young lieutenant by numerous files. There is nothing written in the Army Regulations that said he did; and you may argue that one was an officer and the other an enlisted man—you may argue a lot along that line but it won't get you anywhere.

In France, I have seen high ranking officers—lately captains and majors of the old army—go out of their way and take a good deal of trouble to shake hands and have a word aside with an old noncommissioned officer.

I speak here of the o'd-timers who never took commissions. Some attained high commissioned ranks during the war. There was a lieutenant colonel at Third Army Headquarters in Coblenz,

who is now, I have heard, a regimental sergeant major. But others preferred to stick to the only life they knew—that of an enlisted man.

I was in command of such a man one time. There never was a better soldier. He was so good, in fact, it troubled my peace of mind, and yet I should have been almost doomed without him. I was a very green officer at the time, you see, and I had to pick up a lot of my pointers about soldiering from that old sergeant as I went along. I tried to be pretty slick about it, and I don't think a soul caught on to what I was doing except the sergeant, and I know he never told anybody. It would have offended his pride. He took a quiet satisfaction in the fact, I believe, that he was teaching me his profession, and he went about it very cunningly.

He would come to me with matters of routine he knew an officer should know about, but guessed I didn't, and speak of them, always in a manner that presumed I had mentioned the matter first. Or he would ask if he should explain to the men that the lieutenant's orders were so-and-so, repeating instructions the necessity of which had never dawned on me until that moment. Many is the time a situation has been saved or a garrison catastrophe averted by the respectful suggestions of that old sergeant. Nor am I revealing any trade secret when I venture the assertion that other young officers may have experienced the same form of salvation.

My predecessor had spoken to me of this man. He had warned me in fact.

"You may have trouble with Sergeant X," he said. "He is sick of it here and wants to go back to his old outfit."

**S**O I was on the lookout. About three weeks after I had joined the outfit and was beginning to get my bearings the sergeant came to me and asked to be relieved and transferred. I told him it was impossible. Within the next month he repeated that request two or three times. I offered to send him to the Army Candidates' School, at Langres, where he could try for a commission, and as I knew, get one. He did not care to go. I asked him why.

"I guess the lieutenant don't understand my case," said he. "I was in the old army. I have been a noncommissioned officer thirteen years, which is long enough to find out I ain't the kind of man it takes to be an officer."

Finally, though, he reconsidered and went to the Candidates' School. My surprise at his sudden reversal of decision passed a week later when I learned that he had managed to get himself busted out of the school and sent back to his old outfit, the Twenty-eighth Infantry, where he finished up the war as a platoon sergeant.

An old colonel used to relate how, years ago, he was ordered to Alaska to take charge of a company. On the day of his arrival, while a lieutenant had the



men out at drill, the captain started to inspect the barracks. In one a soldier who had been seated by the stove rose to attention when the officer entered.

"What company are you in?" asked the captain.

"K Company, sir," replied the soldier.

"Why aren't you out at drill?"

"I am not required to drill, sir."

"Not required to drill, how's that?"

"I am a retired soldier, sir. I fought with this company in the Civil War."

Which illustrates the attachment of an old soldier for his outfit. It is the only home many of them have. This old soldier and the new captain became great friends. The old man had served his thirty years in that one company, and since his retirement had followed it from the tropics to the Arctic circle just to be at home.

This colonel was a paternal old person and few officers have been better liked. The door of his quarters was always open to the new soldier and the new officer who sought helpful, friendly advice and encouragement. But the good go first, it seems sometimes. The colonel went at Soissons.

There was another colonel who used to be pretty generous with advice, but he handed it out in a different form. He was a young man, seven or eight years out of West Point. His favorite method of approach was something like this:

"Lieutenant, how long have you been in the army?"

None of us had been in very long those days, so the meek reply would come:

"Four months, sir."

"Well, young man, you've got a lot to learn—a lot to learn." Then he would discomfort us with a prodigious scenario of a few of the things we had to learn.

ONE Sunday afternoon he cornered several U.S.R.'s who were just telling yarns and harming no one, and began asking each one, in turn, how long he had been in the army, and telling each one, in turn, he had a lot to learn. He came to a certain first lieutenant.

"Lieutenant," said he, "how long have you been in the army?"

"Thirty-three years, sir."

That was all that was said, for the colonel found no words with which to continue the conversation. If I ever envied a

Later the colonel is reported to have called him to headquarters and reminded him that campaign badges are part of the uniform.

The assertion was made by a person in a position to know, and a man not usually given to extravagant praise, that the best all-round lot of line officers turned out during the war came from the first Army Candidates' School in the spring of 1918. They represented the pick of the former enlisted men of the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second divisions, which were the earliest combat units in France. A good part of them were old soldiers. The three months course they were put through to earn their commissions made the pioneer series of officers' training camps in the States suffer by comparison, to say the least.

It was my luck to see a good deal and to hear a good deal of those men, who were the first Americans to receive commissions on foreign soil. I have yet to hear of a case where a graduate from that school did not make good with troops in the line, and I know personally, and can name, a dozen of them who distinguished themselves in action; distinguished themselves not by the spontaneous bravery of which almost every American is capable when the pinch comes, but rather by shrewd and heady calculation in the stress of battle, a trait which usually marked the man who knew the soldier's profession only as the old Regular knew it.

Old soldiers who became second lieutenants in France were known as men who got things done, and therefore were sought by the higher commanders. They were known by the enlisted men as leaders who never set their men to a useless task, and above all, seemed to understand that a soldier's hardest and bitterest battle is that against physical exhaustion. They became officers, in short, who imparted the spirit of the old army as I understand that spirit; and because they had come so lately from the ranks themselves, and because the life of the ranks was second nature to them, they imparted the spirit more faithfully than some of the Regular officers, particularly the younger ones, have been able to do it.

THE old soldier was reared in an army where hardship and implacable discipline were traditions of the service. Many of us have been reminded of that fact at times when our tempers were short. Few people found France a bed of roses, and occasionally when a fellow sought to relieve the situation by gently cussing the mud or the weather or the chow or the pay-days which never came, didn't it give you a sharp, shooting pain to hear some old bird horn in with:

"Call *this* soljer'n? Hump! Why, when we were out in the Islands the first time—"

Though I wasn't listening to them long enough to check up very well, I strongly suspect that the old soldier's favorite tale of the Spanish war loses little in the telling as the years go by. But just the same there is something in the view an old four-fogey quartermaster captain took of the situation when his invoice showed seventy-eight brands of candy on the shelves of the Third Army commissary at Coblenz. This is about seventy-seven more brands than most of us ever tasted, but anyway here is his story:

"Yes, sir, believe me or believe me not, seventy-eight separate and distinct brands of candy. Sometimes I wonder whether it was a war or a taffy pull.

"Call *this* soljer'n? Hump! Why, when we were out in the Islands the first time, do you reckon they run the chances of getting our stomachs all out of gear feeding us on cocoanut kisses and sugar-coated almonds? Or did they issue cigarettes with the rations? You might as well ask an old soldier whether he took off his shirt when he went to bed. As for sugar, we were lucky to have brown sugar for our coffee when we had the coffee, and as for terbaccer, well, I paid a man ten dollars once for a chaw; ten dollars for one chaw, and I was drawing down a grand sum total of \$15.00 a month at the time. I had that chaw in my mouth for a week and then I dried it out in the sun and smoked it. On that campaign we were out five months and eleven days, by the regimental history, and all that time not a man had a cooked meal except what he cooked himself in his messkit.

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man in my life, I envied that old ex-first sergeant when he snapped out that reply.



# Pessimists, Optimists and Peptomists

Coining a Word for the Man Who Achieves

By CAROL BIRD

**T**HOMAS C. SHEEHAN has been a mechanic all his life. Perhaps it is because of this that, as he says, he "visualizes the men and women of the world as human machines in the great workshop, each one turning out the same product—Service." He has a habit of speaking in metaphor. With a quizzical twinkle in his Irish blue eyes, and a lilting bit of blarney in his voice, he discusses in sprightly fashion the subject of human efficiency, the service each man must render to another, and the make-up of what he terms a "ninety-nine per cent individual." His conversation is as keen and sparkling as the razor blades he manufactures—he is president of the Durham Duplex Razor Company, of Jersey City, N. J.

First he likens a man to a piece of steel, in this fashion:

"There is nothing in the world as near like a man as a piece of steel. In fact a piece of steel is absolutely the same as a man's soul. A soul without iron is useless. It requires identically the same kind of treatment as does a piece of steel. It must be put into the crucible with the proper kinds of ingredients selected. It needs the same amount and the same kind of flux. Watching the heat is the big job. Get it too hot, and the whole mass goes on the slag pile. Given the proper amount of care, the dross comes to the surface, and it and it only finds its way to the slag pile.

"In this way it is possible to get the real metal that you are after. The soul of every man is always in the crucible, and he never reaches his full size, nor is the metal of his soul ever refined."

On the subject of service he has this to say:

"Service is an old word that at one time we did not like. We thought it meant being somebody's butler. Today we realize that we are all here to serve. The day a babe is born it is somebody's job to do something for him, from making clothes to putting a handle on a rattle for him. When he starts to school there is a school teacher waiting to instruct him. There is the book manufacturer who makes school books for him; and thousands are employed making his sweater and his football.

"When he reaches the age of twenty, he looks about for a florist so that he may buy occasional bouquets of flowers for some sweet girl. Then he climbs in a taxicab waiting for him, and spins to the theater, where he buys a pair of tickets, thus helping to support the actor who plays Romeo for his entertainment. By and by a preacher gets a wedding fee from him, and still later on the undertaker collects his. But even then the cycle isn't finished, for those who have money invested in the cemetery collect dividends from the price of his grave. Then the marble cutter collects for his



Thomas C. Sheehan

"You ask my definition of the hundred per center. Well, I call him a peptomist. A pessimist is the kind of chap who closes one eye, wrinkles his face and says it can't be done. An optimist smiles and assures you it can be done, but graciously allows George to do it. But a peptomist takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and proceeds to put it across.

tombstone, and his friends spend the major part of their lives getting him out of purgatory.

"**T**HUS we are always creating a source of wealth for the other fellow, who, in turn, is doing the same thing for us. Now if we are not here to serve, what are we here for?

"The only source of wealth is—you; but the only way by which you can secure this wealth is through the service you render someone else. A few get by on a bluff, but to one who wins in this way, there are 10,000 who find their way into the hobo class."

Mr. Sheehan places no faith in the genius theory.

"There is no such thing in the world as genius," he says, emphatically. "Genius is a word that the man who doesn't understand applies to the work of a man who is more or less a mystery to him. The man who is called a genius is, in reality, merely a hard worker, with a definite goal. I long ago discovered that

to obtain a fair amount of success there is only one requirement necessary, and that is to concentrate all one's efforts and abilities on the problem in hand. I know this to be true, in my case, at least. The very same faculties I employ in developing a piece of machinery I use in developing sales or advertising.

"Keeping eternally at the task in hand, studying it constantly, looking at it from every angle, anticipating the troubles in connection with it, always keeping in mind the goal you wish to reach, and allowing nothing to stand in your way, will most certainly bring success.

"I have been fairly successful as a mechanic; I have been fairly successful as an advertising man; I have climbed from apprentice boy to president of my company, and I firmly believe that the measure of success I have obtained is due to the fact that always I kept this in mind:

"The one per cent individual exists, and the ninety-nine per cent individual exists, and the latter has to lend a portion of the percentage that he has to the former, in order that the two may do the work of the one hundred per cent individual. A man cannot work alone. He must take the other fellow with him. It should be the ultimate aim of the ninety-nine per cent man not to be the master, but the leader of the lesser man. In this course lies the executive strength of the future employers of the country.

"**Y**OU ask my definition of the 'hundred per center.' Well, I call him a peptomist. A pessimist is the kind of chap who closes one eye, wrinkles his face, and says it can't be done. An optimist smiles and assures you it can be done, but graciously allows George to do it. But a peptomist takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, and proceeds to put it across.

"There are several types of men and women who constitute the machines in this workshop of life, and when I inspect the product of these machines, and see one turning out a hundred per cent, well-finished and well-turned article, another an article highly polished to hide the scratches, another an article with no thought to finish or polish, turned out in a slipshod, slovenly manner; when I see one man using the right piece of material, putting in the proper hardness and temper, as against another hoping that the shine may hide the quality beneath, and when I hear men say: 'Let us run it all through the same chute into the shipping room and label it one hundred per cent,' and when I see them step into the counting room, lay their hands on the books, with the demand that the revenue therefrom be divided equally, I say that what the world needs is someone to step

(Continued on page 34)



# Progress of Legislation

## A Review of Soldier Beneficial Measures

WITH the signing of the armistice the nation bent the knee in thankful prayer that the war was ended. When it rose to its feet again its first thought was to make a proper readjustment to those who had answered the country's call and whose personal interests had suffered. Many who answered that call will never answer another. Many are permanently disabled. Others returned with temporary disabilities; and many returned with temporarily decreased earning powers, without jobs to step into and with great need of a helping hand in getting back into civil life.

The nation's belief that some recompense should be made the men and their surviving dependents was shared by Congress, which proceeded to introduce beneficial legislation in the form of cash and bond bonus, farm, land and home loan bills in such profusion and confusion that their compilation in book form now would rival the Encyclopedia Britannica in size. Then Congress called a halt to determine what the veterans wanted before passing any of its numerous bills. In so many words it asked The American Legion: "What do the veterans, themselves, want?"

But until the first national convention at Minneapolis, last November, the Legion could not answer that question. It had not become a unified voice. Its members recognized that in justice and equity they were entitled to an adjustment of the losses they incurred incident to service, but they were not in favor of appraising that adjustment or naming the form it should take. They believed it was incumbent upon the government to define its own obligation and discharge it as it thought best. And Congress was so advised by the unified voice of the Legion at its national convention.

PARAMOUNT to any obligation due it as a whole, however, The American Legion wanted to impress upon the government its obligation properly to care for the totally and temporarily disabled and the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives in service. With this end in view The American Legion, long before the Minneapolis convention, began agitation for better administration of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and the Public Health Service.

Disabled veterans are looked after under all three of these departments. Those having disabilities which developed before their discharge from service so far have been under the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Federal Board for Vocational Training. Those having disabilities which develop after discharge

As this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press, national and state officers of The American Legion are in Washington in conference with legislators and officials of the War Risk Bureau, considering necessary reforms and improvements in the workings of that department. At the same time, the Military Policy Committee of the Legion is in Washington on another important mission of the Legion, namely, to interpret for Congress a military policy that will be adequate to the country's needs and conform to its democratic traditions. The result of the War Risk conference will be published in an early number of the WEEKLY. The result of the preliminary conferences of the Military Policy Committee appears on page 22.

as a result of injuries received in service come under the provisions of all three departments. And now the first class, also, are coming under the jurisdiction of the Public Health Service, for the policy of the War Department is to discharge all disabled military personnel except officers of the regular army and those requiring several operations or special surgical treatment, or suffering from mental diseases, one year after admission to a hospital in this country. The Surgeon General's memorandum on this matter of policy adds:

"Provided individuals too sick to be removed from hospital without prejudice to their life or recovery or who, upon the question of discharge being submitted to them in writing, certify that they cannot provide for the necessary care and attention for themselves shall be retained until provision for their care and maintenance is made by the War Risk Insurance Bureau, Soldiers' Home or National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. Provided, further, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed to rescind the provisions of Circular No. 188, W. D. 1918, authorizing discharge at any time of the disabled who have been cured or have attained maximum restoration, or those who furnish guarantees that specialized treatment will be continued as long as necessary."

Despite the proviso, however, The American Legion has been informed that such patients are being discharged from army hospitals because the funds appropriated for their hospitalization are exhausted. The matter is being taken up with the War Department.

THE Public Health Service, a branch of the Treasury Department, is directed to care for the war's disabled after their discharge from military and naval hospitals by provision of the War Risk Insurance Act. To date the Public Health Service has been granted some \$11,000,000 with which to carry on this work. About 9,300 War Risk Insurance patients now are receiving treatment in the 900 Public Health Service hospitals throughout the country. None of these

hospitals has the proper facilities for the treatment of mental and nervous disorders. Public Health Service officials say they require 12,500 additional beds. House Document No. 481 estimates \$85,000,000, over a disbursement period of three years, as the amount needed for extending and carrying on this service.

The number of tubercular victims of the war is estimated at 46,000 today and, it is predicted, will be 50,000 five years hence. The number of nervous and mentally diseased of all classes discovered in the war is 76,000. In civil life one person of each 1,000 of population is discovered insane annually. Public Health

officials claim that many states have, in the proper hospitals for the treatment of mental and nervous cases, only nine-tenths of a bed per average case.

The American Legion has taken upon itself as a sacred duty to see that these men receive the treatment they require and to which they are entitled. To provide that treatment is the government's sacred obligation.

As this was being written the report was received that various well-equipped tubercular hospitals belonging to the War Department were being closed and the patients turned over to the War Risk Bureau. The War Risk Bureau, in turn, will give these patients into the care of the Public Health Service, which admits it has not sufficient available facilities.

A War Risk Insurance ruling is that tubercular patients cannot take up vocational training and receive the compensation it allows. The result is that tubercular patients discharged from army hospitals cease to draw military pay and receive only the insufficient disability pay, often less than thirty dollars a month. And many of these patients have dependents. The matter was taken up with Congress by the Legislative Committee of The American Legion and some ruling favorable to the tubercular patients is expected before this article is published.

CONSIDERABLE improvement has been obtained in the administration of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, but much more is still to be desired. Under the disability clause of this act a disabled soldier, prior to July 11, last, must have been found compensable by the War Risk Insurance Bureau before he could receive vocational rehabilitation training under the Federal Vocational Board. Since July 11 any disabled veteran may be placed in training and receive training pay irrespective of compensability. This was effected by Public Law No. 11, an amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act, which also increased the pay of men in training from sixty-five dollars a month and family allowance to eighty-five dollars a month and family allowance.



The Sweet bill, H. R. 8778, will effect a further improvement, as will the Wasson Bill, H. R. 10365, both of which will be amended before they are passed. The amendments now are being drafted by a congressional committee in collaboration with a committee of The American Legion. The Sweet bill has passed the House, but will not, in all probability, be taken up by the Senate until the Railway bill is disposed of. It very likely will be carried over as unfinished business and will be among the first things taken up when Congress convenes after the Christmas recess.

The Sweet bill now provides for more adequate compensation for disabled veterans and death payments in one lump sum or in thirty instalments, at the option of the insured. It also increases the range of beneficiary.

The Wasson bill now authorizes the War Risk Insurance Bureau to establish fourteen regional offices, to advertise in newspapers and periodicals to acquaint all with their rights under the War Risk Act and to receive premiums through the post office. Without waiting for this bill to become law the Director of the War Risk Bureau, at the instance of the Legion's Legislative Committee, has begun the establishing of these offices.

**I**N addition to conferences for the improvement of the War Risk Insurance and its administration, and other matters pertinent chiefly to war veterans and their families, American Legion committees have recently held a series of conferences with congressional committees on matters of national policy. The object of this article is not to deal with such subjects as military policy, etc., however, but to review the action so far taken on various bills that come under the classification of beneficial legislation.

The Lenroot bill, S. 3006, and the Fess bill, H. R. 9322, introduced in the Senate and House, respectively, September 16, provide for nine months' educational training irrespective of rehabilitation training under the Vocational Board. Both of these bills are now in committee, where they are not likely to die of old age, as the Legislative Committee is firmly behind them.

These bills provide for nine months' training for all veterans except those who were not "engaged in active service for at least sixty days at any time prior to discharge," each veteran to receive transportation to the institution where such training is taken, sixty dollars a month during training, and return transportation on completion of the course.

Should these bills become a law, veterans desiring to take advantage of the opportunity offered must file application within one year from the date the law is enacted.

Of the one hundred and more bonus or pay-readjustment bills which have been introduced the one which still seems to enjoy the most general favor is H. R. 9093, introduced by Congressman King Swope. This bill provides for the payment of a gratuity of thirty dollars a month for each month served over two months and not over twelve. The preponderance of congressional opinion still

favors it over farm, land and home loan bills as least involved of execution. Mr. Swope estimates the cost of executing this bill to be \$1,000,000,000.

**T**HE Mondell bill, the details of which have been discussed heretofore in the WEEKLY, has fallen into disfavor. It provided primarily for the employment of discharged soldiers in irrigating arid land, draining swamp lands and cultivating cut-over timber lands. The employment situation is not at this time acute; therefore one of the main features of this bill is no longer of great importance. The proponents of the bill admit that probably not more than two per cent of the ex-service men would be benefited.

The Morgan bill, H. R. 5545, also discussed in the WEEKLY in its issue of Oct. 31, provides for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Home Founding Corporation, capitalized at \$100,000,000. This corporation would loan sums of money not over \$4,000, under certain rules and regulations, to such soldiers, sailors and marines or their dependents as may wish to purchase homes or homesteads.

The Ferris bill, H. R. 7622, originally was an amendment to the Mondell bill. It seeks to place discharged soldiers, sailors and marines on farms.

The National Commander, in compliance with the resolution adopted at the Indianapolis convention, has appointed a Committee on Land and Home Aid to frame a bill for presentation to Congress. This bill is to represent the best interest of all veterans with a minimum expense to the country and will be known as The American Legion Home Founding Act.

The Civil Service Preference Bill was incorporated in the Deficiency Act, approved July 11, 1919. It provides:

"That hereafter in making appointments and other positions in the Executive branch of the government in the District of Columbia or elsewhere preference shall be given to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and widows of such, and to the wives of injured soldiers, sailors and marines who themselves are not qualified, but whose wives are qualified to hold such positions."

This statute does not exempt those entitled to its benefits from liability

## Back Again

Well, now I've quit the uniform,

I'm with the folks again,

I've met my girl, I've seen the town,

They've almost made me vain,

With praisin' up the stunts I did;

There's not a thing I've missed

And yet—say Bud, oh hang it all,

I'd like to re-enlist!

I've got a job, an' "settled," but

I'm restless just the same,

For after chasin' Heinies there

I must admit it's tame.

An' out of doors—that gas you know—

These times—the Bolshevik—

The country's flag—Oh, hang it all

Say Bud, I'll re-enlist!

—Alfred N. Phillips, Jr.

for examination. But they are required to attain a proficiency of only sixty-five in order to be eligible and will be certified for appointment without regard to the requirement of apportionment of appointments in the departmental service, although they must prove residence and domicile as required by law. When eligible their names will be placed in the order of their grades ahead of those not entitled to such preference.

House joint resolution No. 20, now in the House, provides for soldiers, sailors and marines a preferred right of entry for sixty days for the next two years when any public lands are opened or restored to entry by general order. It was reported out of the Committee on Public Lands with the proviso that no person who refused to render service in the late war be included in its benefits.

H. R. 5000, which has passed the House and now is in the Senate, provides credit for the husband's military service in case of homestead entries by a widow.

A bill to provide a special payment by the War and Navy Departments of seventy-five dollars a month to tubercular ex-service men and women and fifty dollars a month to other disabled veterans, while awaiting vocational training, will be introduced in a few days.

Half a dozen bills are pending that provide for retirement of National Guard, National Army and Reserve Corps officers unfit for active duty on the three-quarters pay provision allowed officers of the regular army.

S. 2497, which authorizes the payment of six months' pay to dependents of deceased army men, has passed the Senate and is in the House.

S. 2446, a bill to extend the entrance age limit to the Military Academy to twenty-four years for war veterans, was reported favorably by the Committee on Military Affairs. It now is in the House.

H. R. 5007, a bill to grant citizenship to every American Indian, not already a citizen, who served in the World War, was honorably discharged or hereafter will be honorably discharged, has passed and become Public Law No. 75.

**C**ONGRESS still is of the opinion that some sort of a general beneficial bill should be passed. Both Senators and Congressmen freely express their opinion on this point. But whether the American Legion Home Founding Act or a bonus bill will be passed is problematical. Only one of them will pass; the other will be cast into the discard. Such is the opinion of all who have been in close touch with Congress on this subject. And it is not to be expected that either the Home Founding Act or a bonus bill will be passed until after the Peace Treaty has been disposed of.

**NOTE:** Since this article was written the Senate passed the Sweet bill, December 19, 1919, and it will have become law by the time this article appears. The Sweet bill amends the War Risk Insurance Act so as to increase disability payment from thirty dollars a month and family allowances to eighty dollars a month and family allowances.



# Said the Hotchkiss to the Vickers

The Song of

the Machine Guns

**T**HE tanks have a society of their own; artillery clubs and special fraternities of long hitters are common; but the race of machine guns is more sensitive to criticism, more suspicious, yet more friendly and receptive, than any other man-made machine.

The light ordnance dump lay in the land of shell holes, tousled barbed wire, and dead things in general. The cool of the evening was coming on, as the well-worn Vickers lounged over his tripod and began to upbraid M. G. '08, his Maxim cousin.

"You low pig iron, you snout-nosed stretcher-bearer, you light artillery bungler, why don't you take that red cross off and learn to shoot straight?"

He lied, for he knew perfectly well what a good shot the German was. The dusky Boche tried to grin graciously in defeat, but only showed a brass slot where he had lost his feed box. The Britisher went on haranguing.

"You heavy-bellied, no-account rat trap! Why didn't you jolly well lose your sights as well as your bloody feeder when your Hun ran and left you?"

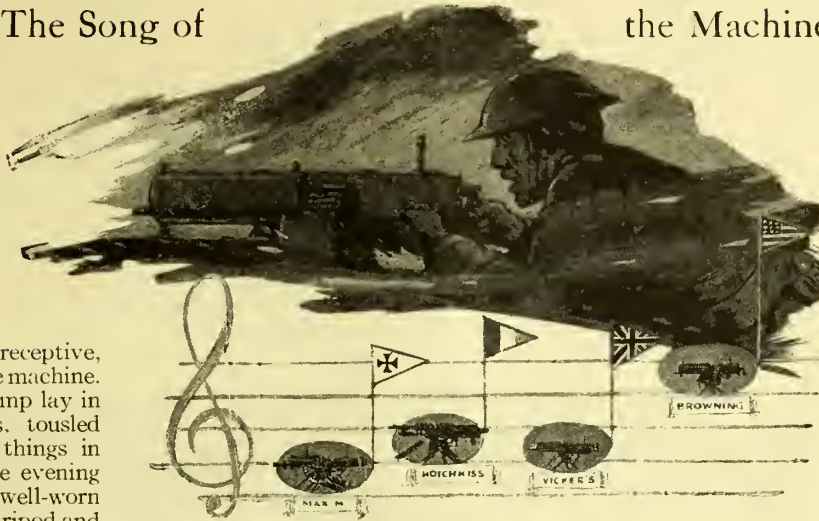
The Allemand lost his temper at this. "Gott strafe England!" he cried. "None of your business, you jealous, shaky junk pile! Just because you've got only a notch for a sight, and I've got three of the best lenses in Europe, you think my dear Fritz ran away, do you? Well, he retired, leaving me of no use to the enemy. And he'll come back hard, quick yet. Why by tomorrow morning you will all be prisoners and I will be free again.

With that the Boche sunk a little lower on his cradle. The Vickers broke into a derisive laugh.

The old gray Hotchkiss in the corner looked carefully over his bubble level and adjusting wheels, glanced lovingly at his brass feed gear, the most perfect in the world, and adjusted his spade leg a trifle more comfortably. He sighed wearily and looked at the Vickers. The British gun stopped laughing and began his tirade again.

"Why, you slow, greasy, back-handled, stoppage monger, you Mauser thrower, you camouflaged stove pipe!" he railed. "Why can't you see the advantage of a grooved cooler and a light under-carriage? Do you think your Jerries could carry you half a mile forward, when they couldn't even get you back away from our night raid?"

The '08 shrugged his trunnions and looked to his younger partner, the Muskeeton, for some help in the argument.



By EDWARD B. GREENE

The Musky lay like a crushed spider and said nothing.

**T**HEN a curious rustling came from a long box next to the wall. All eyes turned to watch the newcomer unroll himself. He put up his tripod stiffly, breaking the fresh, brown paint as he did so. He was mounted and fastened by a pair of sticky pins that feathered in. Finally he put up a sort of a little ladder for a sight. The onlookers exchanged glances, and the talkative Vickers spoke up.

"Blime me, I say, but you're a showy youngster! That brass casing in front looks like a full moon. That will never do. And what is the queer looking tail behind?"

The Browning was embarrassed, but the Frenchman spoke up for him.

"Oh, Tommy, cut it! That is a perfectly good pistol grip. But say, Yank, you're too short; go home and get a barrel long enough to carry a hundred meters. This is no pop-gun affair. And what are those brass rings around your socket and cradle?"

The Browning felt more lonely and useless, but this time the Vickers took his part.

"I say, Frenchy," said he, "don't you know good elevating and directing dials when you see them? Those are all right. But tell me, Yank, where is your feed block and crank handle? Where's your kit? What stoppages do you have?"

Perhaps we should have mentioned before how it happens that we are able to report this conversation. We heard it. At the mention of stoppages we interrupted to ask:

"What is a stoppage?"

It was an unpardonable question, to be sure. The Vickers simply cursed some choice British cuss words. The Frenchy furiously lighted a cigarette, and didn't pass them around. The Boche grunted with satisfaction. But it was the Vickers who finally condescended to explain:

"A stoppage, old thing, is a failure to

fire when the belt gets caught, or the feed pawls slip, or the main spring breaks, or a shell separates, or anything else goes wrong. One always has to be on the lookout, you know, with a tool kit and spare parts handy."

The Browning glanced from his half-pound pouch to the ten-pound box of Vickers accessories and looked worried.

**J**UST then a *plop, plop, plop, plop*, came from the direction of the line, followed by a fast *rat-rat-rat-rat*.

The German smiled greasily. "Now you will see," said he. "We are already inside your trenches."

"Aw, just to hear us sending it back as fast as it comes over!" yelled the Vickers, but he whistled to keep up courage.

The ordnance shop was wide awake. A pair of Lewis guns whispered together and were carried out loaded. A Chau-chat coughed some dust out of his chamber and followed. An automatic on the table cocked and locked himself with a click. A brown, blood-stained Tommy and a blue-helmeted poilu dashed in and carried out the Vickers and the Hotchkiss.

*Plop, plop, plop, plop, plop, plop, plop, plop!* The Boche advanced fiercely.

*Tat-tat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat; crackcrack, crack, crackcrack,* contended the Vickers and Hotchkiss.

Tinkle, tinkle, a piece of glass fell down.

*Whingggggg, Whizzzzzz,* spent bullets sang.

*Plop, plop, plop, plop, plop, plop, plop!* The Boche rushed into the valley below.

*Tat-tat-tat-tat, crack-crack-crack,* the defenders replied desperately.

"Good Lord, let's go!" prayed the Browning, as he fingered his trigger nervously.

A Yank dashed in, kicked over the grinning Boche prisoner, picked up the Browning and rushed out. He adjusted his gas mask as he doubled down the slope, and as he shied a whiz-bang he prayed that the little short fellow in his arms would come across. He was in the reserve trench in no time, with the Browning planted between the steaming Vickers and the red-hot Hotchkiss.

**PLOP, PLOP, PLOP, PLOP!** It deafened him. He could see the flashes now. The Boche had passed our outpost line. The Yank loaded and laid right on them.

(Continued on page 31)



# BURSTS and DUDS



An Irishman came out of ether in the ward after an operation and exclaimed audibly, "Thank God, that's over!"

"Don't be too sure," said the man next him, "they left a sponge in me and had to cut me up again."

"Yes," chimed in the one on the other side, "and they left a scissors in me and had to do it all over again to get the instrument back."

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in through the door and called, "Has anybody seen my hat?"

It was toward the close of the Civil War, when paper money was changing hands by the bale. A lank negro rode into town on a melancholy mule.

"Hey, boy, I'll give you \$20,000 for that mule!" cried a soldier.

"You ain't talking to me is you?" queried the negro. "Ah done just paid \$35,000 to have dis mule curried dis mawning."

The discharged soldier hastened gladly home to see his wife. He found her polishing the kitchen stove, and slipped quietly up and put his arms around her.

"Two quarts of milk and a pint of cream tomorrow," she said without looking up.

The cook's assistant was stirring the big pot of stew for the company when he discovered a rat in it.

"Hey! There's a big rat in the soup," he yelled.

The cook stopped whistling long enough to reply: "Take the durn thing out; he don't belong there."



*The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.*

*The prize winners are: Carl C. Moore, Menoken, N. D.; L. B. Godbey, St. Louis; J. W. Leaman, Harrisburg, Pa.; George F. Hagstrom, Chicago; Stephen Patrouch, Calasauqua, Pa.; R. N. Naylor, Audubon, N. J.; J. L. Mallett, Tulsa, Okla.; Austin Shindell, Arlington, N. J.; G. B. Ehrig, Washington, D. C.; Elmer Swann, Brodhead, Wis.; C. S. Stevenson, Kansas City; Edgar H. Barber, Mansfield, Ohio; Harold S. Hazen, Chicago.*

Sister's new beau had hardly got seated on the parlor sofa when little brother brought him a glass of water and tendered it to him very politely. The young man drank it and returned the glass to the small boy, who looked disgusted.

"He don't either," he said to his sister.

"Don't what, dear?"

"Why, he don't drink any different from anyone else, and pop said he drank like a fish."



Visitor: "I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute?"

Editor: "With pleasure. Call tonight with the ambulance and I'll have a poet ready."

"You're in a bad way, my friend," announced the doctor to the young Irish lad in the hospital. "Would you like to see the priest?"

"Did ye say I have scarlet fever?" asked the boy.

"You have, and a serious case."

"Then send in a rabbi. Do ye think I want to give the fever to a priest?"

She (to her returned soldier): "You've been making love to those French girls."

"Grandpa, tell us some stories about the war."  
"Wait till I finish reading my A. E. F. mail, dears."



Two Irishmen prepared for a duel. "Oi'm twict as large as he is, an' Oi should stand twice as far away," protested one.

"Aisy, now," admonished his second, and stepping up with a piece of chalk, he drew two lines down the opponent's coat about as far apart as his own man was wide.

"There, now, fire away, and remember any hits outside these loines don't count."

How doth the gentle laundress  
Search out the weakest joints,  
And always scrape the buttons off  
At most strategic points.

He: "What makes you think so?"

She: "Because you have improved so."

A Swede came down from the woods and, entering a saloon, called for a drink of good old squirrel whiskey. Said the bartender:

"We're all out of squirrel whiskey, but we've got some good Old Crow."

"Yudas Priest!" exclaimed the Swede, "I no want to fly, I just want to hop around a little."





# Some Service Benefits



Neighbors can't disturb a bird who slept through a barrage.



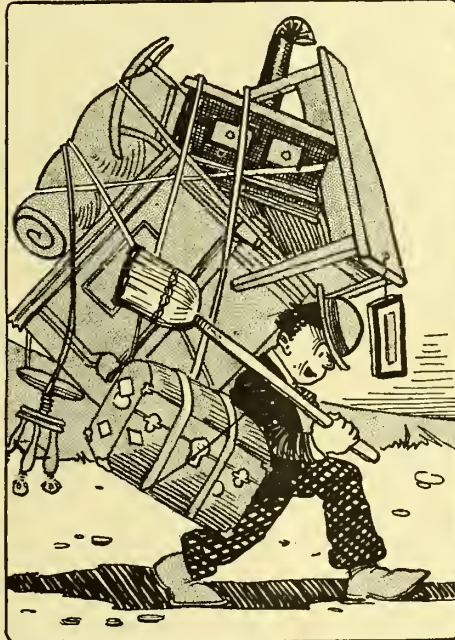
Any gob can save laundry bills.



Take her home in the ice wagon; it's no worse than a "Hommes 40."



After corned wille, flowers are delicious.



Moving is simple for the buck who toted a full pack.



Gas training makes smoking cars comfortable.



A former K. P. will always be handy around the kitchen.



In case unexpected guests arrive.



Strong sympathy for animals has developed.



# Rielly's Come-Back

Rielly had been falling off, perhaps a month or more.  
His feet were always dragging and his muscles stiff and sore.  
When "Jerry" started droning 'cross the moon's relentless face,  
He'd hit it for a dugout at a very rapid pace—  
Never stop to ask a question  
Or to heed the soft suggestion  
That the "Hun" was out a-bombing at a very different place.

Rielly had the "wind up," for his nerves were shot to hell;  
But the climax came that morning when his jaws began to swell.  
The doctor took his temperature and on a ticket wrote  
"Mumps!" and told the soldier to rest up and devote  
Some weeks to relaxation—  
In short, a brief vacation.  
And Rielly thanked the germ of mumps for lodging in his throat.

He climbed into an ambulance, a smile upon his face.  
He was taken to the C. C. S. and marked a "Stretcher Case."  
They shipped him down to Etaples where broken hearts were fed.  
An angel with a flaming cross assisted him to bed.  
An Auzzie, maimed and broken,  
Stuck his hand out as a token.  
"This is the life, aye, Sammie?" was what the Digger said.

Rielly breathed a blessing, half a curse and half a prayer,  
On hospitals in general and girls with golden hair.  
"Would you like another blanket?" said the nurse in dulcet tones,  
And Rielly felt a shiver come a-creeping thro' his bones.  
Oh, the sheets were white and gleaming,  
And the sick man lay there dreaming  
Of a brook that laughed and chuckled as it raced among the stones.

The Hun came down at Etaples like a swarm across the moon,  
And Rielly heard the droning of his fatalistic tune.  
Hundreds fell at Etaples in the biggest bombing raid.  
Veterans of the battle line fell on their knees and prayed.  
Rielly's hair just bristled  
While his nurse stood by and whistled—  
Whistled like the lark of morn, undaunted—undismayed.

Rielly started picking up as fast as he could pick.  
"Send me up the line," he begged, "for I'm no longer sick.  
I'm full of pep and action as any man that's made.  
If nurses laugh at Jerry's bombs, I guess I ain't afraid."  
And that is all for Rielly.  
Now they praise his conduct highly,  
And he's got a cross to show the girl who whistled thro' the raid.

WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS.



# BULLETIN BOARD

And in spite of all the recent prophecies about December 17, the world still seems to be rolling along. We say "seems to be" in case any of the prophecies should come true while this issue is on the press.

The brain, says a man who has carefully calculated that the human body is worth just \$16.50, market value, is the most poisonous part of the body because it contains so much phosphorus. If we could eliminate the phosphorus, our thoughts might become more wholesome.

An exhibition of war photographs is on view now at the New York Public Library. Many of the pictures have been enlarged to a four-by-eight foot size.

"There is no question about the demand for American goods abroad," says Philip B. Kennedy, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. "But lacking imports to balance our exports the pertinent question is the extent to which we can safely take future promises to pay. We are to-day the world's principal producer."

Partially disabled soldiers are to be aided in finding work in civil positions under the War Department. The War Department, the Federal Board for Vocational Training, and the Civil Service Commission announce that they are about to complete a plan to that effect.

That was an accomplished colonel (he must have been a regular) who is mentioned in the account of an aviation meet in these words: "A steep dive, a dizzy volplane, and Colonel Blank landed on the smooth field in six graceful bounds."

Lawrence Perry's All-American Eleven includes two men from Colgate, two from Yale, two from Princeton, and one each from Williams, Penn State, Syracuse, Dartmouth, and Harvard.

The German Assembly is meditating calling Mr. Hohenzollern to testify regarding the causes of the war. If Mr. H. puts in a good deal of study before testifying, he may be able to pass the examination. Incidentally, this is the last bit of advertising that the Bulletin Board will give Bill from now on, until something radical happens to him.

The Mayor of Chicago has invented a new game. He is expressing his doubts about the Americanism of various men in public life. It is noticeable that no one ever questions the mayor about his Americanism; that is a known quantity.

Clemenceau, who recovered not so long ago from a would-be assassin's bullet, is now suffering from a broken rib. He is still at work, however, giving point to the saying that you can't keep a good man down.

Two billion dollars represent the loss to industry due to strikes in the past year, according to figures gathered from every state by the *New York Sun*. The centers where the I. W. W. is most active showed high losses. Three-quarters of the loss was in wages that the laborers never got.

Ulmanis, President of Letvia, is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and a firm believer in American political philosophy. His war-torn country offers plenty of chance for him to try out his beliefs.



**A tense moment for Captain Detzer (left) on trial at Governors Island. The charge was cruelty to prisoners at Le Mans, France.**

There is no reason to fear for the end of the world, say astronomers, merely because eight planets happen to fall in line. There would be much more reason to fear if eight statesmen happened to fall in line.

There will be no award of the Nobel Peace Prizes for 1918 and 1919, the Norwegian Parliamentary Committee has decided. After a thorough scrutiny of the world, the committee has locked up its prizes and gone away on a fishing trip of indefinite duration.

It is stated in the press that Clemenceau's trip to London before Christmas was for the purpose of concluding a Franco-British alliance. Old habits are not lightly broken in spite of the best intentions in the world.

What is going on behind the veil that obscures the Russo-German border? Are the Reds and the Germans both too busy to care about each other, or is there something doing between the two outcast nations? Brest-Litovsk was the last time they danced together.

"German Shippers Aroused—Demand 11,000,000,000 Marks," declares a news-

paper. At the present value of a mark they aren't very much aroused at that.

Oregon jumps into the breach that prohibition has caused in the once continuous stories of sea serpents. That great commonwealth announces that once upon a time camels the size of rabbits used to roam Oregon deserts. They had no humps and looked like rabbits. Then why call them camels?

Missed train connections delayed 85,000,000 letters during last March, Assistant Postmaster General Praeger told the House Post Office Committee recently. Some other missed connections delayed the publication of that statement until December.

A corporal has repented. That's a harsh way to put it, but a former buck may be surprised into anything when he hears that Corporal C. H. S. Nunley, formerly of the base hospital at Camp MacArthur, Texas, wants all his ex-pals to have pleasant holidays.

A prisoner waiting the action of a Grand Jury has fallen asleep in his cell and the police can't wake him up. There's no reason why a prisoner should not enjoy the same privileges as a juror anyway.

Twenty free law scholarships have been provided for ex-service men by the alumni of the John Marshall Law School, Portland Block, Chicago, Ill. A few of these are still open and application for them should be made to the Dean of the School.

Company A, 310th Field Signal Battalion, holds a reunion on January 17 at Chicago. A. G. Whitner, 452 West Sixtieth Street, Chicago, is in charge.

The *Red Menace* is a little mimeographed paper put out by the Northwest Warriors Committee on Americanization, at Minneapolis. It contains such stories as "How We Won the War," by a peace-at-any-price hero, and is fighting the Reds with the weapon of ridicule. The *Northwest Warriors Magazine* is one of the Legion's staunchest supporters in the region from Minnesota to Oregon.

"Bid of \$1,200,000 for pearls refused," says one news item. "Europe stricken by coal famine and starvation," says the one next to it. Is a piece of oyster really worth a sum that would keep about eight hundred human beings in comfort for at least a year?

One of the government's food administrators comes out with the novel statement that hoarders are responsible for the sugar shortage and will be punished "as soon as they are caught." Whereat the nation settles back with a sigh of relief. We have never, no, never, been told that before.



# Re-building the Army

## Legion Helping Congress Frame Policy

A HALF dozen plans for the reorganization of the United States Army have been advanced. Nearly as many bills to this end have been introduced in Congress. Both plans and bills provide against the condition of unpreparedness in which we were found when we threw our weight into the war with Germany. But each plan and bill so far advanced shows too much consideration for the interests of those who advocate it.

A sub-committee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee is about to prepare a bill which it hopes will meet with national approval. It has digested the various plans and bills already advanced, selected what it considers the best features of each and has called upon The American Legion for suggestions and recommendations. The American Legion Committee on Military Policy has held two conferences with this sub-committee of the Senate. On January 6 it again will meet with this sub-committee in a round table discussion of the principal features of the embryo bill.

The American Legion Military Policy Committee to date has refused to be involved in reorganization details. Its suggestions and recommendations have been confined largely to the general principles laid down in the resolutions adopted at the Minneapolis convention. In a general way it has suggested how some of those resolutions may be carried out, but it has not yet prepared a reorganization bill in detail. When a reorganization bill which meets with the general approval of The American Legion is introduced in Congress, then The American Legion will get behind it.

THE principal recommendations the American Legion Military Policy Committee made were:

1. That the military defense of the country consist of a small but efficient Regular Army, a Citizen Reserve Army and a Federalized National Guard.

2. That the youth of the country be subjected to universal training in accordance with a system which will involve the least hardship for all concerned; veterans of the World War to be exempt from any such compulsory training.

3. That the Regular Army include proper garrisons for our overseas possessions, a force sufficient for minor emergencies and a training establishment of sufficient qualified officers and men to conduct the annual training of each year's class of young men.

(a) That the original vacancies created in the reorganization of the permanent commissioned personnel be filled by selection from qualified veterans of the war.

(b) That officers in each grade be classified annually into three classes: Class A, comprising all who have qualified for promotion to the next higher grade; Class B, those who for various reasons should not yet be promoted, and Class C, those who should be eliminated.

Class C, Regular Army officers, to be discharged when their services are found to be not honest and faithful; otherwise, to be placed on the retired list with a graduated retired pay, based on length of service. Officers who remain in Class B longer than two consecutive years to be retired, as provided for Class C officers, upon their requests or upon the discretion of the President.

PROMOTIONS to include the grade of colonel during the ensuing year to be made from among Class A officers in the next lower grade in the order of their standing on the single promotion list. Vacancies above the grade of colonel to be filled by selection from Class A officers in the next lower grade.

That no officer, whether in the permanent or reserve personnel, be promoted until after an affirmative demonstration of his capacity to perform the duties of the next higher grade.

(c) That all officers who prove their fitness for General Staff duty be placed on the eligible list, whether they be of the Regular Army, the Reserve or the National Guard.

That no appointments be made to the General Staff unless the name of the person to be appointed is on the eligible list, the initial list of the General Staff to be composed of those officers who have heretofore demonstrated their capacity for General Staff duty.

That hereafter no officer be recommended for General Staff duty unless he is specifically recommended for such duty on graduation from the General Staff school, Reserve and National Guard officers to have access to this as well as to all other service schools.

(d) That the General Staff include at least twenty-five per cent of reserve or National Guard officers, and when a sufficient number of such are not found on the eligible list, acting General Staff officers be appointed in their stead.

(e) That Reserve and National Guard officers to the extent of fifty per cent serve on all committees or branches of the General Staff dealing with the organization and distribution of the citizen army, the policy effecting universal training and the rules governing the appointment and assignment of reserve officers.

4. That the Citizen Army consist of an organized reserve, not subject to military duty except when called out in a national emergency declared by Congress.

(a) That veterans of the World War be entitled to initial appointment in this force in the grades held upon honorable discharge or in any higher grade for which their qualifications were demonstrated in active service overseas.

(b) That the citizen army be permanently organized so far as practicable as a localized territorial army in brigades, divisions, army corps, and field armies, each officer and soldier of this force to be assigned to a definite unit in the locality of his residence.

(c) That membership in this force be for five years, each individual reservist to attend the first two annual maneuvers during his period of membership. Each unit of the reserve army should be assembled for maneuver and test at least two weeks each year.

(d) That the names of the organizations which fought in the World War be perpetuated and the competitive spirit of organization rivalry be encouraged.

(e) That the Citizen Army be perpetuated by receiving each year the young men of the country after they have completed their required period of training.

5. That the policy of universal training for the youth of the nation include education in the fundamentals of our form of government and the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

(a) That this training be taken in the eighteenth, nineteenth or twentieth years, for a period of not less than four months or more than six months the first year, followed by a two-weeks training period each year for two years.

(b) That young men be permitted to elect training in the National Guard, within the authorized strength of the National Guard, in preference to universal training.

6. That the organization of the National Guard conform as much as possible to that of the Citizen Army, or Reserve. There should be only one class of citizen officer, therefore the officers of the National Guard should be appointed by the President upon the recommendations of the Governors of the respective states. The National Guard should be organized, in a general way, as now provided under the National Defense Act.

(a) That the training of the National Guard be a real and substantial equivalent for that required in the organized reserve and in the universal training service.

7. That after inauguration of the system of universal training no person shall be admitted to the Military Academy until after completion, with credit, of the prescribed course of military training.

8. That the Article of War 119 be amended so as to provide that the relative rank of officers in the same grade be based on length of service in that grade.

9. That members of the Army Nurse Corps be commissioned.

Frank S. Reynolds Post of Bakersfield, Calif., is getting out an attractive Bulletin of post news, of which there seems to be a goodly quantity.

Ishpeming, Mich., is mourning the death of Dr. Albert V. Braden, the popular physician who did such good work in Evacuation Hospital No. 7, at Chateau Montaglaust, in the summer of 1918. In recognition of his services, the local post has changed its name to Albert V. Braden Post No. 58.



# WHAT THE LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

St. Paul is not going to let Duluth get away with anything. Picking up the statement of the Duluth Post that it is the biggest in Minnesota, St. Paul Post No. 8 announces a membership of 5,000. This post has put on an eleven-act vaudeville review, to run three days at the Auditorium.

Oklahoma has a young but energetic post in St. Mihiel No. 17, Sand Springs. A series of winter entertainments has been arranged with a view toward attracting the few ex-service men who are not yet enrolled.

An amusing incident occurred to those Kansas posts which went to work in the mines last month. They found that the mules were used to being driven by foreigners and could not understand good American; so Governor Allen had to rush some Americanized animals to the scene of work. Another argument for one language.

Eleven Bronx County posts in New York State have gotten together to take care of the I. W. W. in the vicinity. At a general meeting it was resolved that Legion members should attend all "red" gatherings in order to keep an eye on the proceedings, but that no methods other than legal and orderly ones should be employed.

Robert J. Martin Post No. 98 of Philadelphia, Pa., has organized a women's auxiliary. Mrs. L. Martin, the mother of the man after whom the post is named, has been chosen as head of the auxiliary.

Seventy-three per cent of the service men of the community have been enrolled by Cates Post No. 149, Cates, Ind. All members should attend the annual meeting to elect officers, on January 9 at the M. W. A. Hall.

Have you any suggestions as to what makes a good show? Fort Madison Post No. 82, Iowa, wants to start something and is anxious to make use of the

## A CORRECTION

**CHARLES A. LEARNED**, Post No. 1 of Detroit, has called the WEEKLY's attention to an omission in the text of the resolution passed at Minneapolis regarding foreign language newspapers, as printed in the WEEKLY of November 21. The resolution as passed reads thus:

"That all foreign language newspapers, magazines, periodicals, and pamphlets published or distributed in the United States be required to furnish a true and correct translation, properly sworn to, of all articles, together with the true name and correct address of the author of every article so published, which tend to condemn our form of government and which are of a political nature; and that five copies of said translation be left with the postmaster in the place of publication and, if published abroad, with the Postmaster General of the United States, such copies to be opened to public inspection; and that suitable penalties be provided by law for the violation of the requirement."

This was amended to read "that the translation of any such article be published in parallel column under oath as to its accuracy, with severe penalty."

The resolution was then passed as amended.

experience of those posts that have held successful entertainments. The Post Adjutant wants the names and addresses of the men who produced "Buck on Leave" in France.

The largest post in Pennsylvania? Naval Post 197 at Philadelphia denies that this distinction belongs to the Easton Post with its 1,100 members. The Naval Post has 2,100, all former sailors and marines.

Meetings every Monday night are held by the J. J. Donnellan Post at 334 Convent Avenue, New York City. All Washington Heights men are urged to attend. On January 26 the post will have its inaugural ball at the Hotel Commodore.

Basket-ball games wanted! La Verne Perrotet Post, Wheaton, Ill., has a

heavy-weight team and a light-weight team; a trip is being planned, and games are wanted all over the country. Write to Charles J. Schatz, 120 N. Main Street, Wheaton.

Another Illinois post looking for games is Jasper No. 20, at Newton. This team has started its season successfully and doubts the ability of any other post to stop it

Football days are gone, but we are still hearing of games played by posts. Beaver Falls Post, Pennsylvania, wants the world to know that it has defeated the New Brighton (Penn.) Post, 6 to 0.

The complete football record of the Roslindale (Mass.) Post shows a total of seven victories and two defeats. The post team scored 102 points to their opponents' 14.

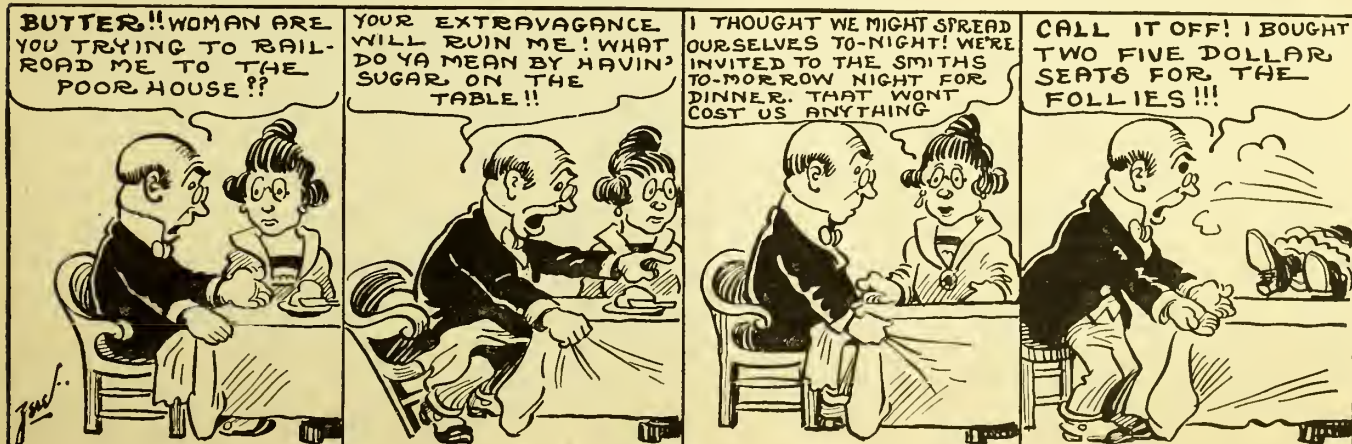
Get your basketball notices in before the winter is over. Nothing like a good game to help posts to know each other.

William Harry Davidson Post, Vandergrift, Pa., opened a promising basketball season in December. This post also has time for plenty of social entertainments which are booming the membership.

Nebraska is aroused over the indulgence that official Washington is showing the anarchists. The state branch has requested Nebraska congressmen to start legislation for the punishment of conscientious objectors and their apologists, be the latter big or little officials.

El Paso, Texas, men have announced their plan of organizing a home guard consisting of a regiment of three battalions of four hundred men each. This post is near the Mexican border and believes in preparedness.

The *New York Evening Post*, the *Minnden (Nebraska) Courier*, and the *Ashtabula (Ohio) Star and Beacon* have all started regular Legion departments  
(Continued on page 27)





# INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

## Victory Medal and Stars

*To the Editor:* If possible, I would like to have you give me the order pertaining to the wearing of silver and bronze stars on the Victory Medal bar, also who is entitled to the Victory Medal?  
Wellington, Kans. A. A. HAMEL.

G. O. 83, W. D., JUNE 30, 1919

1. A war-service medal, to be known as the Victory medal, will be awarded to all officers and enlisted men who served on active duty in the Army of the United States at any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, and whose service was honorable.

2. Battle clasps will be awarded for each of the major operations and for the occupation of a defensive sector. Only one defensive sector clasp will be awarded to any one individual. To be eligible for a battle clasp the officer or enlisted man must have been actually present under competent orders, in the sector of the Army, corps, division, or smaller independent organization during the period in which the organization was engaged. The officer or enlisted man may have belonged to the organization in question, been attached to it, or have served it in some independent capacity. The authorized presence of the person in the locality at the time of operation will be the determining factor in the award of clasp. Each officer or enlisted man serving in the First Army area between August 30 and November 11, 1918, or in the Second Army area between October 12 and November 11, 1918, will be entitled to the defensive sector clasp, irrespective of awards for major operations. Each officer or enlisted man serving in the area of corps, divisions, or smaller independent organizations under French, British, Belgian, or Italian commands, between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, will be entitled to the defensive sector clasp, irrespective of awards for major operations. Each officer or enlisted man present in an engagement in European Russia since August 1, 1918, or in Siberia since August 15, 1918, will be entitled to a defensive sector clasp. The following operations are announced as major operations:

(a) *Cambrai*.—Between 12th of May and 4th of December, 1917.

(b) *Somme, defensive*.—Between 21st of March and 6th of April, 1918.

(c) *Lys*.—Between 9th of April and 27th of April, 1918.

(d) *Aisne*.—On the Chemin des Dames and northeast of Rheims between 27th of May and 5th of June, 1918.

(e) *Montdidier-Noyon*.—Between 9th of June and 13th of June, 1918.

(f) *Champagne-Marne*.—Between 15th of July and 18th of July, 1918.

(g) *Aisne-Marne*.—Between 18th of July and 6th of August, 1918.

(h) *Somme, offensive*.—Between 8th of August and 11th of November, 1918.

(i) *Oise-Aisne*.—Between 18th of August and 11th of November, 1918.

(j) *Ypres-Lys*.—Between 19th of August and 11th of November, 1918.

(k) *St. Mihiel*.—Between 12th of September and 16th of September, 1918.

(l) *Meuse-Argonne*.—Between 26th of September and 11th of November, 1918.

(m) *Vittorio Veneto*.—Between 24th of October and 4th of November, 1918.

3. Clasps will be awarded to each officer and enlisted man who served overseas and is not entitled to a battle clasp under paragraph 2 as follows:

(a) *France*.—For service in France between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918.

(b) *Italy*.—For service in Italy between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918.

(c) *Siberia*.—For any service in Siberia.

(d) *Russia*.—For any service in European Russia.

(e) *England*.—For service in England between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918. The clasp for this service will only be awarded to officers and enlisted men who served in England and are not entitled to one of the other clasps enumerated in this paragraph.

4. Officers and enlisted men forming part of the personnel of the crews of army and commercial transports operating between the United States and Europe will be included among those authorized to wear one of the clasps enumerated in paragraph 3, depending on the European country for which the transport sailed. Not more than one such clasp, however, will be awarded to any one individual under this authority.

5. A bronze star, three-sixteenths inch in diameter, will be placed on the service ribbon for each battle clasp awarded under the provisions of paragraph 2. When an officer or enlisted man has been cited in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by a general officer for gallantry in action not justifying the award of a medal of honor, distinguished-service cross, or distinguished-service medal, he will wear a silver star on the ribbon of the medal and on the service ribbon for each such citation.

6. Pending the procurement and issue of the Victory medal, organization commanders are authorized to permit those serving under them to wear the service ribbon and stars to which they are entitled, as shown by their records.

In case of doubt as to whether an individual the case will be referred to the War Department.

Supplementary to above, Sec. 3, G. O. 90, W. D., Aug. 27, 1919, provides that service as a cadet at the United States Military Academy will be considered the same as if rendered as an officer in so far as concerns the award of the Spanish War Service medal and the Victory medal.

Section 3, G. O. 113: . . . any officer or enlisted man who entered the service subsequent to November 11, 1918, and has served as a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia or European Russia is entitled to a Victory medal with appropriate clasps.

## A. E. F. Units Cited by France

*To the Editor:* What were the A. E. F. units cited in French army orders for conspicuous action under fire.  
Tucson, Ariz. G. J. MENDEL.

The A. E. F. units cited in French army orders for conspicuous action under fire on the part of the entire unit were:

The 646th Ambulance Unit four times; and each of the following twice: 539th Ambulance Unit; 625th Ambulance Unit; 103rd Aero Squadron, formerly the Lafayette Escadrille; the 9th, 18th, 23rd, 26th and 28th Infantry Regiments; 5th and 6th Marines; 2nd Engineers, and the 6th Machine Gun Battalion.

## Compensation after Vocational Training

*To the Editor:* Is a disabled man's compensation continued after he has completed vocational training?  
Mason City, Ga. R. R. SMITH.

Compensation continues after completion of vocational training, provided the degree of disability exceeds ten per cent.

## Furlough Travel Claims

Furlough fares (one-third regular one-way fares) became effective on June 10, 1918, under U. S. Railroad Administration Circular P-2. No reductions from rates are obtainable for service prior to that date. All carriers will entertain claims for refundment on travel on and after that date in cases where the travelers failed to take advantage of the reduced rate and provided they can obtain furlough certificate in support of same.

## Naval Reserve Retainer Pay

*To the Editor:* Will you kindly furnish me with all available data on naval reserve retainer pay, particularly how it is computed?  
New York City. J. NEILSON.

Naval Reserve Force retainer pay is a small sum in addition to any active service pay which is paid to all members of the Naval Reserve Force for their obligation to serve during war or national emergency.

The Naval Reserve (with the exception of the Fleet Naval Reserve Class 1-C and 1-D, which is composed of men transferred from the regular Navy after sixteen and twenty years' service, respectively) for the purposes of retainer pay, is divided into two general classes: One class is composed of those members of the Naval Reserve who hold provisional rank or ratings, and who are entitled to retainer pay at the rate of \$12.00 per annum, payable annually. Many reservists of this class who enrolled in 1918 have not been paid to date. All in this class who enrolled in 1917, or earlier, and who have not received their retainer pay, should write to the Navy Allotment Officer, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

The other class of the Reserve is subdivided into three smaller classes: First, those men who have served four or more years in the regular navy, and who were enrolled *confirmed* in their ranks or ratings in Class 1-A and 1-B of the Fleet Naval Reserve; secondly, all former members of the National Naval Volunteers who were transferred July 1, 1918, by General Order 400 to the Naval Reserve Force, *confirmed* automatically in their ranks or ratings, and who became entitled to the retainer pay from July 1, 1918; thirdly, all reservists who have been examined and found qualified for confirmation and who, after qualification, have been actually confirmed. All men in this class, or in any one of the subdivisions into which it is above divided, is entitled to a yearly retainer pay at the rate of two month's base pay of the rank or rating in which *confirmed*, payable quarterly (except officers confirmed in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve, who receive one month's base pay per annum).

## Sale of Dental Supplies

*To the Editor:* Can you inform me relative to a proposed sale to former army dental surgeons of the War Department's surplus dental outfits?  
DR. H. V. TALBERT.

Morristown, Ind.

House Joint Resolution 222, authorizing the Secretary of War to dispose of surplus dental outfits, was passed by the House of Representatives on November 5, 1919, and is now before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Under the terms of that resolution the Secretary of War is authorized and directed to sell at public or private sale, under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, all dental outfits in excess of the needs of the government, preferentially to persons who served in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or the American Red Cross of the United States during the recent war and who are at the time of such sale licensed to practice dentistry; but not more than one set of dental supplies shall be sold at private sale to any one person.

## Certificate in Lieu of Discharge

*To the Editor:* I have had the misfortune to lose my discharge. I wrote to and received from the Adjutant General a "Certificate in Lieu of Lost or Destroyed Discharge Certificate."

The certificate makes no mention of overseas service, nor engagements taken part in. It concludes with: "This certificate shall not be accepted as a voucher for payment of any claim against the United States for pay, bounty, or other allowances or as evidence in any other case."

Should Congress pass a farm loan bill, what benefit may I expect to receive from it? Of what benefit is such a "certificate" to the holder?

What redress has the man whose discharge was lost in transit to Washington, D. C., for his sixty-dollar bonus?  
Brooklyn, N. Y. EARLE D. ARMSTRONG.

Your letter was submitted to the Adjutant General, who has returned the following reply:

"A certificate in lieu of lost or destroyed discharge certificate is furnished by this office under the act approved July 1, 1902 (32 Stat. L., 629), which provides specifically 'that such certificate shall not be accepted as a voucher for the payment of any claim against the United States for pay, bounty, or other allowance, or as evidence in any other case.' This is the only form in which the certificate can be made under existing law. It is, moreover, to be noted that this office, not having in its possession duplicates of original discharge certificates, would be unable, in any event, to furnish an exact copy of the original, with all the data appearing thereon relative to the engagements in which any particular soldier participated, etc. The certificate in lieu of lost or destroyed discharge certificate is evidence of military service to the same extent as is the original certificate, and should any person to whom it is presented be unwilling to accept it as such, the remedy lies in calling upon the War Department to verify the statements therein made. The certificate in lieu possesses the same value as the original discharge certificate so far as showing that the man had military service and was honorably discharged therefrom."

## Wearing the Uniform

*To the Editor:* What is the authority on which discharged soldiers and sailors may wear their uniforms in civil life?  
Raleigh, S. C. CHARLES COMBES.

Under the act of Congress, approved February 28, 1919, published in Section IV of War Department Bulletin No. 11, March 13, 1919 (copy herewith), any person who served in the United States Army, Navy, or Marine Corps during the war may, upon honorable discharge and return to civil life, permanently retain one complete suit of outer uniform clothing, including the overcoat, and may wear the same after his discharge, provided that the uniform shall bear some distinctive mark or insignia to indicate that the wearer has been honorably discharged. The red chevron was prescribed for this purpose.

## Applications for Bonus

*To the Editor:* To whom must one write in regard to the sixty-dollar bonus?  
San Pedro, Cal. J. K. HARRIS.

The Zone Finance Officer, Lemon Building, Washington, D. C.

## Service Record

*To the Editor:* Kindly inform me how to obtain a service record of my brother, who was killed in action.  
Philadelphia, Pa. P. L. WILLIAMS.

Communicate with the "Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C."



# FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address communications to: Editor, "Find Your Buddy," American Legion Weekly, 1311 G Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Photographs cannot be returned

**322 INFANTRY, Eighty-first Division.**—The mother of Fabian Hanson, killed in battle, November 9, 1918, would like to hear from anyone who knows how her boy died. Mrs. Hanson lived in Sweden, and hearing that her son had joined the army started to the United States to see him. She had to wait four months for a ship and when she arrived in this country he had sailed for France. The next word she received was of his death. Address, Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, 53 North Waiola Avenue, La Grange, Ill., a friend, who will notify the mother.

**MISSING: Roy R. Riley** enlisted in the summer of 1918 at Kansas City, Mo. After a short period of training at Camp Funston, he was sent to Camp Merritt, N. J. The last word received direct from him was on September 10, 1918, just before he left for Camp Merritt. His mother heard later from the War Department that he had been transferred to the 329th Infantry, Company G. He was sent across. Last May, the mother was informed by the department that her son had been discharged February 13, 1919, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. She went there and upon investigation was told that no one answering his description had been sent there for discharge. A young man told her a boy he knew by that name had gone to Chicago. Any information about this boy will be appreciated. It is believed he may have suffered shell shock and become mentally unbalanced. He was an engraver and stenciler and worked in a bag factory in Kansas City before enlistment. Address his mother, Mrs. W. R. Riley, Huntsville, Mo.

**FOR RELATIVES OF MISSING MEN.**—Allan H. MacLean, 152 West Canton Street, Boston, formerly G Company, 112th Infantry, writes: "I was a prisoner in Germany and while there became acquainted with two boys named Burke and Bushnell, both of whom died in prison. Burke came from Johnstown, Pa., and Bushnell was a corporal in the Missouri National Guard Division. Burke was in the engineers, Bushnell the infantry. Doubtless their parents are heartbroken and would like to have more particulars of their death than has been provided by the meager government reports. I should like to hear from anyone interested in these men."

**M COMPANY, 6TH INFANTRY.**—Information desired as to where and in what manner Private Charles W. King, killed in action October 14, 1918, met his death. Address Fred B. Logeman, Manly, Iowa, who will notify family.

**MISSING IN ACTION: Harry E. Ross, H Company, 26th Infantry.** Successfully reported missing in action and presumed to be dead. Reported to be seen after the armistice at St. Aignan, shell-shocked and waiting to be returned home. Mother thinks he may be in a hospital in the States. Address Mrs. Clark D. Ross, 4042 Third Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

**A COMPANY, 109TH INFANTRY.**—Private Eugene A. Sirlyn, No. 395008, enlisted June 22, 1918, in Forty-ninth Infantry, and sailed for France a few days later. On September 16 he wrote his parents that the Forty-ninth was in the S. O. S. and he saw no immediate prospect of active service. (The Forty-ninth was at Le Mans then.) The next thing the family heard was that Sirlyn had been transferred to the 109th and was killed in action on October 9. Does anyone in the 109th remember this young man who came up with the replacements just before the Twenty-eighth Division went in the Argonne? Address Richard A. O'Brien, 131 Maplewood Avenue, Maplewood, N. J.

**WALTER MARCINKIEWICZ, I Company, Seventh Infantry, wounded in Argonne, and last heard from at Camp Devens, Mass.** Address information to Phil Wagner, 714 Third Avenue, New York City.

**LOUIS F. HOPPE, B Company, 102d Infantry, believed to be in Peoria, Ill., is sought by Guy L. Hartford, 56 Plymouth Street, Cambridge, Mass.** Hartford writes that when he was transferred away from the company, while the Twenty-sixth Division was at Ecommoy, near Le Mans, he gave his divisional citation to Hoppe, who was to mail it to Hartford's sister. The citation has not been received.

**MISSING IN ACTION: Mason W. Burt, 111 Middle Road, Acushnet, Mass., of Company H, 148th Infantry, was recorded killed in action.** Under date of June 24, 1919, the A. G. O. notified Mrs. Burt that the War Department officially presumes her son was killed in action on September 27, 1918. It has been reported by at least two persons that Mason W. Burt was seen following the date set as his death. Capt. G. H. Hance, of the 148th Infantry, Company H, commanding officer of Pvt. Burt's company, wrote:

"Private Mason W. Burt was reported as missing after the Meuse-Argonne offensive, but later reported back to the company and was present with the company until about October 27, 1918, when he was sent to the hospital at Gittsburg, Belgium. After the required ten days he was dropped from our rolls." Address Leo A. Spillane, War Risk Officer, American Legion, Massachusetts Branch, State House, Boston.

**C COMPANY, 60TH INFANTRY.** Mrs. W. W. Lambert, Lubbock, Tex., writes: "Will someone write me about my son, Lester, who was severely wounded, October 14, 1918, and afterwards died. I know nothing except that he is dead."

**MISSING: Elmer M. Baker, rank, organization and date of disappearance not given.** Mother is near nervous prostration from suspense. Address Henry B. Howell, Commander, Lancaster Post No. 34, The American Legion, Lancaster, Pa.

**NINETY-SEVENTH COMPANY, 6th MARINES.**—Mrs. Ida Bunn, 758 North Park Street, Columbus, Ohio, wants to hear from anyone who served in France with her son, Frederick, who died on July 21, 1918, of wounds received on the 19th in the Soissons attack.

**B COMPANY, 11TH INFANTRY.**—Anyone who knows anything of the death of Private Henry F. Gulley, killed in action on October 17, 1918, is asked to write Horace Pierson, Jr., Columbia, Tenn. A patriotic civilian insurance company declines to pay a policy of \$1,000 unless eye-witnesses to the death can be found.

**MISSING: John Preston Haden, formerly gunner's mate, second class, U. S. Navy.** Discharged July 12, 1919, at Houston, Texas. Left his home shortly thereafter to seek employment in the Texas oil fields, and has not been heard from. Address his mother, Mrs. W. S. Sims, El Paso, Tex.

(Continued on page 31.)



Fabian Hanson



Roy R. Riley



Clyde Able



J. Gardner Greeves



Wilford McFadden, Jr.



Chas. H. May

**49TH COMPANY, 5TH MARINES.**—Elliott F. Ohard was reported to have died of wounds on November 1, 1918, in a field hospital at Charpentry, France, and was buried in American section of the cemetery there. Mayor of town writes there is no American Section of cemetery. Any information is desired by Mrs. Alice Ohard, 29 Winter Street, Winchester, Mass., who subscribes herself "A Marine's Mother."

**MISSING IN FRANCE: Private Clyde Able** went overseas with Eighty-fifth Division, transferred to E Company, Eighteenth Infantry, First Division. Wounded and taken to hospital on November 7, 1918, according to records. No trace after that. His father, Edward Able, Route 2, Buchanan, Mich., would like to hear from anyone who knew him, especially the officers of his company.

**MISSING IN ACTION: Second Lieut. Wilford McFadden, Jr., Aviator, 103d Squadron, Third Pursuit Group.** 23 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weight between 160 and 180 pounds muscular in build dark brown hair hazel or dark grey eyes with gold flecks in them; heavy black eyebrows and lashes. Last seen on October 17, 1918, when he left his squadron and flew in the direction of the Argonne Forest. Mother told there is no grave register for that name in France or Germany. Thinks he might be a lost identity patient in either this country or Europe. Anyone being able to give any information of a person who answers this description is asked to write to his mother, Mrs. E. E. McFadden, 564 McKinley Avenue, San Antonio, Tex.

**MISSING: Bugler Clarence J. Pack, Company L, Thirtieth Infantry, Third Division.** Correct name, Clarence J. Lehman; correspondent says he changed name to evade draft so he could enlist. Write E. R. Brush, Post 29, American Legion, Zanesville, Ohio.

**MISSING IN FRANCE: Private Murray Gordon, D Company, Ninth Infantry, severely wounded at Chateau Thierry.** Last letter written in September, 1918, by a nurse at Hospital No. 6. Address Lee Hoffman, General Delivery, Arcadia, Fla.

**F COMPANY, FIRST ENGINEERS.**—Murray G. Gray, College Station, Tex., wants to hear from old buddies

**76TH COMPANY, 6TH MARINES.**—Private Charles Hammett May, reported wounded in the Soissons engagement, July 19, 1918, and later died of wounds. Information regarding death earnestly desired by father, E. E. May, 420 South Grand Avenue, Sedalia, Mo.

**E COMPANY, 128 INFANTRY.**—Alfred C. Dahl, 608 Arnold Avenue, Thief River Falls, Minn., would like to hear from anyone who can tell him about the fight the 128th was in on Armistice Day. His brother, Oscar M. Dahl, of E Company, was killed in action a few hours before the war ended.

**G. COMPANY, 126TH INFANTRY.**—Miss Ethel Weaver, 604 Greenup Street, Covington, Ky., would like to hear from men who knew Carl O. Weaver, believed to have been killed in action near Cerges, France, October 6, 1918.

**RADIO SERGEANT ROBERT SEEMAN, Headquarters Company, 58th C. A. C.,** write T. M. Lewis, 1226 Elmwood Avenue, Charleston, W. Va.

**E. G. LEWIS, Rome, N. Y.,** sought by Howard M. Wernitz, Murrysburg, Pa.



# Advertising and The Weekly

WE'VE decided on an occasional page in your paper in which we can have some real heart to heart talks on advertising.

Because we know you're interested.

Here's a letter that came in the other day that proves it.

*"Advertising Department,  
American Legion Weekly.*

*"Try the following firms on an advertisement:*

*Willys Overland Co.*

*Champion Spark Plug Co.*

*Electric Auto-Lite Corp.*

*Toledo Bridge & Crane Co.*

*Haughton Elevator Co.*

*All of my home town, Toledo, Ohio.*

*"They're all good firms and I believe if you submit a copy of the WEEKLY to them they will give you their advertisements.*

*"These are referred to you in good faith and not for mercenary purposes on my part whatever.*

*"Respectfully yours,*

*(Signed) W. J. MOYLAN."*

Now let's think about this letter a bit and see what it means. Here's one of our readers who's interested deeply in this magazine—as you all are.

Otherwise he wouldn't write us, as so many others do too.

And he reads it and believes in it—as you all do—for it's your magazine.

And he wants to see it grow bigger and better—as you all do.

And he realizes that advertising revenue will make that possible. Now did you ever think of that? It's true.

And he wants to help us get more advertising. Do you?

And he's willing to do what he can to help. Are you?

And will you let us tell you how you can?

*And will you consider this page is yours as well as ours and write us—as you'd talk to us—so that we can publish your letters and answer them? So that we get acquainted and understand each other.*

When we talked over this idea with a well-known advertising man recently, he was rather surprised at it; somewhat sceptical of its value. He said "Your men won't be interested; they won't read it. Besides, if you carry it out as you say, you'll have to give out a lot of valuable information broadcast to them, the public and your competitors."

We told him: "Mr. Man, you show that you don't know or understand the ex-soldier a little bit, and what's true in your case is true of a lot of other advertising men in high positions who ought to give us business—don't. Now with some little knowledge gained from being in the service we'll tell you, if you want the American soldier with you to the limit, you've got to do two things. You've got to be absolutely fair and square and you've got to tell him the 'reason why.'"

*"And now that he's a civilian and a member of the great American Legion he's just the same.*

"If you want him with you, you've got to play fair and open the door and show him what makes the wheels go around. And he'll be interested when he knows what this advertising department means to him and his paper—and he'll read our talks, and he'll talk back.

"And we don't want to have any secrets from him, Mr. Man. We want him to know everything we are doing and why.

"And we haven't any competitors 'cause there's only one American Legion and only one AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

"And we know he'll get into the game with us with the same wholeheartedness that he tackled his job as a soldier and the same energy that he's tackling his job in civil life now.

"And he'll help us to put across the biggest advertising proposition that has ever been tackled—and with him, we'll do it—and without him we can't."

There's a lot more like this chap, too, and they're all going to be shown.

Now we suppose you all know, in a sort of hazy

general way at least, the importance of advertising in the business world. We are going to go into that somewhat in detail in later issues. But for the present it's enough to say that very few magazines could be published were it not for the advertising they carry.

We spoke a few minutes ago about the bigness of this advertising problem that we've got to tackle. Here are a few facts and figures on that to make you realize it.

You've read, of course, in the WEEKLY before now, that your paper was most heartily endorsed and supported at the Minneapolis convention as it has been at all the state and county conventions, and that the subscription price was fixed, at that convention, by your own delegates at \$1.00 per year. That's fifty-two copies at a little less than two cents each.

Now it costs about four cents per copy to produce your magazine as it reaches you today. That doesn't sound like much, but multiply it by 600,000 copies and you'll see that it's a matter of a little loss or deficit of \$12,000 a week. More than that, in fact.

For our circulation during the first six months or 26 issues of 1920 will average 800,000 copies per week if we are not unduly optimistic. That's a loss of \$16,000 per week or \$416,000 for the entire six months.

Now do you get me!

So the advertising department has got to close a lot of business.

And we're going to.

But you've got to help.

More about how next week.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,  
1311 G Street, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

Wherein the Advertising Department of Your Weekly opens the door wide, invites you to come in, sit down and get acquainted.



## WHAT LOCAL POSTS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 23)

From thirty-three to 406 members in two months is the record of Thomas G. Roberts Post No. 216, Dorchester, Mass. A handsome seventeen-room house has been hired as a club.

General Farnsworth, former leader of the Thirty-seventh Division, has joined Argonne Post No. 33, Steubenville, Ohio. With his application for membership he stated that he was glad to be a "member of this order that stands for one hundred per cent Americanism. As we stood together over there, so must we stand together over here for the maintenance of our ideals."

At the Welcome Home celebration in Steubenville, Ohio, every returned veteran was presented with a gold plated medal and a card for free amusements. Naturally every vet came around for these prizes, and, when they did, the Argonne Post snapped them up.

Snappy boxing matches were witnessed by the Drexel Post of Chicago at its recent big social meeting. The post has considerably more than 600 members.

The Community Club of Jefferson County, Iowa, has leased three rooms for the use of Allen Jewett Post of Fairfield. The D. A. R. and individuals of the town are furnishing the rooms.

Post No. 427 of Swarthmore, Pa., has changed its name to Harold Ainsworth Post. Regular meetings of the post will be held hereafter on the third Thursday of each month.

Mount Vernon Post No. 3 of New York has a basketball team that is in the field for games. This post has been adding from twenty to forty new members at every meeting. That's why they are holding meetings very often.

A big dance on Washington's Birthday will be arranged by the Harry Bullock Post of New York City. Four-fifths of the 2,000 tickets have already been sold, so those who want to go must hurry up and say so.

Altoona's Post, P. R. R. No. 235, Pennsylvania, has adopted the name of Charles R. Rowan. The post at the same meeting decided that the compensation paid disabled service men is insufficient.

Here is another claim to national distinction; take a look at it, posts, and see if you can beat it. Abraham Lincoln Post No. 3, Lincoln, Nebraska, has counted up its Armistice Day gains and finds that in two days the membership increased from 300 to 1,845. This is more than ninety per cent of the veterans of the community.

"We are only forty out of a possible 400, but we have just given a splendid public banquet, and in spite of a raging blizzard about 150 people were present. We took in over \$160." This news is from Central Campbell Post No. 54, of Mound City, S. D.

# SAVAGE



## He's Charging— Stop Him!

**H**ERE he comes—six hundred pounds of wounded, raving, fighting grizzly! Wicked, pointed head stretched out—evil little pig eyes glaring hate—long yellow tusks snapping in bloody foam—high shoulders rocking with effort as they drive the ten-inch hooked chisels of claws ripping through the moss—smash through the witch-hopples, *here he comes!*

Easy does it—take your time! The little .250-3000 Savage rises easily, smoothly, into line. Squeezing the pistol-grip-face frozen against the stock—seeing both sights—following that slaving chin with the bead—holding your breath and shutting down steadily with your trigger finger. *Bang!*

Fingers racing, before the echo of the shot you're reloaded and ready again. But he's down. Crumpled end over end in his stride. That vicious little .87 grain pointed bullet, traveling 3000 feet per second, smashed through his jaw, shattered his neck vertebrae to splinters, and splashed them through his lungs. Never knew what struck him—dead when he hit the ground!

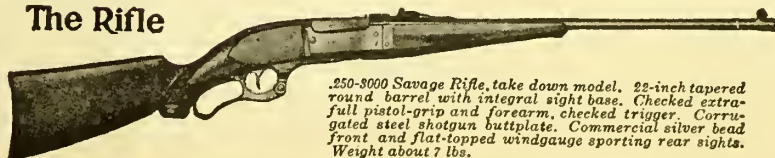
Only seven pounds of rifle—the .250-3000 Savage. Six shots—in two seconds, if you need them that fast—and each of them with a gilt-edge target accuracy that would hit the 800 yard military bullseye, and punch enough to slam through half-inch steel boiler-plate at a hundred yards. Solid breech hammerless, with checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm and corrugated steel shotgun buttplate and trigger. See it at your dealer's—he can supply it. For complete description, write us.

### SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

SHARON, PA. UTICA, N. Y. DETROIT, MICH.  
Executive and Export Offices, 50 Church Street, N. Y. C.



## The Rifle



.250-3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm, checked trigger. Corrugated steel shotgun buttplate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped windgauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.



# LETTERS FROM READERS

## Into Every Home

*To the Editor:* Permit me to congratulate you upon the very excellent character of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. From both literary and mechanical standpoints, the magazine is exceptionally good, considering the very short time it has been started.

This magazine unquestionably is a channel through which incalculable good can be accomplished. Indeed, if it is developed and fostered along the right lines it is difficult to determine where the possibilities for benefit end.

I am right behind you on this magazine—as every other red-blooded American is—and if there is any way I can contribute to its support and advancement, morally or otherwise, I'll consider it not only a real pleasure, but indeed a duty, to do everything within my power.

Every loyal American will bear me out in saying that here is *one* magazine which should ultimately find itself going regularly into every home throughout the land. And the ex-soldier who fails to link himself, heart and soul, with The American Legion is, consciously or otherwise, missing one of the supreme privileges which is rightly his—the privilege of becoming one in the greatest “fraternity” that has ever existed, made up of men who have seen service, and who as a class will ultimately dominate this country, both politically, industrially and commercially.

R. S. HANSEL.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

## An Answer

*To the Editor:* The WEEKLY is surely just the sort of straight-from-the-shoulder magazine we want and it certainly is going to do a world of good for us.

I notice in the November 7 issue a letter signed G. E. Fahys, Jr., a former officer of the Twenty-seventh Division asking why we ex-guards won't support the new guard. Coming from a former New York state-guard officer it is amusing, for he knows what is wrong. We feel that New York State has, in its delay in keeping the verbal promises made us in 1916 in regard to the difference between state and federal pay, broken faith with us, that we cannot trust our rich Empire State and therefore do not care to be stung again ourselves and cannot advise others to join.

No less than three times have we been told by our officers while in service that the state was about to pay us the difference, which is seventy-five cents a day for every day we put in on the border. But it is still waiting, and we are not at all sure that this next attempt to get it for us is going to succeed.

When the state makes good and shows us it can keep its word many old ex-guards will be glad to support the old regiments of which we are justly proud. Until then we cannot be expected to show any great enthusiasm.

RAY HENRIETTA

Lancaster, N. Y.



## Why Deportation

*To the Editor:* Enemy aliens, naturalized enemies and native-born Anarchists are, all of them, dangerous to the peace and safety of our government and people. They admit it and glory in it—hence it is our natural duty to effectively devalue them. “Incarceration in penal institutions” is a high-sounding term which means a jail sentence, and this seems to be the only way of disposing of those American citizens who have attacked and threatened to destroy the institutions under which the American people have risen to a position of sane leadership in the world. That they should be so disposed of is just and fitting.

There is another way of dealing with the enemy alien. He may be deported. He has no legal right here. So the proponents of sterling Americanism have demanded deportation. The American Legion has demanded it and your editorial, “Give Them a Sea Voyage,” supports the demand. Yet deportation seems to me to be a clumsy, ineffective and dangerous way of disposing of a menacing person. Berkman, Goldman and their ilk are not enemies merely of the government at Washington, but of government in London, Paris, Athens, Berlin—all government everywhere, even in Petrograd. And the stability and strength of the government in Washington is in some measure determined by the strength and stability of the governments in every other capital. Certainly the peace of the world is dependent thereon. We are, and must be, vitally interested in the peace of Europe and Asia, for European and Asiatic wars and disturbances are bound to have a strong reflex on this continent. We are citizens of the world and members of a society which is world-wide.

It would hardly punish Berkman, Goldman and Co. to send them to Russia and Germany. Certainly it would not silence them. They were far more silent in a prison cell—far less dangerous there than they will be in Europe.

And I have too much sympathy with the struggling peoples of Europe to add to their danger by brushing our sweepings on to their floor. We are excellently prepared to take care of Bolsheviks, Anarchists, Reds and I. W. W.s in our governmental hotels at Leavenworth, Atlanta—and if we need new ones the

world is full of clay and wood and iron. Deportation would, at best, be a faulty remedy. Complete suppression, I think, here and now, would be more effective than anything else.

REV. ANTHONY ROBERTS PARSHLEY,  
Clinton, N. C.

## To Boost Membership

*To the Editor:* The following is a suggestion that may be valuable to posts who have not yet enrolled all eligibles there in their territory.

First, secure the names and addresses of all returned service men together with whatever other information that may be secured regarding their occupation, place of employment, etc. Post this list in a conspicuous place in the meeting hall.

Read the list at meetings and ask for volunteers to look them up. Detail those who know the man, work or live near him to bring him in. In this way, each man would have and feel the responsibility for his particular charge and would be more likely to keep on the job.

As the list of eligibles becomes smaller, the list of workers becomes larger, and the individual who happened to be among the last to come in would have the whole post camping on his trail. Once the posts are filled up, at least 4,000,000 men would make America *unsafe* for the Bolsheviks. Let's go.

F. P. ARCHER.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## Unusual Interest to Her

*To the Editor:* I desire to express the very great pleasure it gives me to read your splendid WEEKLY and I wish to offer my congratulations on the way it is edited and the matter it contains. As two of my relatives “went West” in the service I feel as though the Legion were of unusual interest to me.

ROSE VILLAR.

New York, N. Y.

## He Reads It

*To the Editor:* I have talked with several ex-soldiers here in Arkansas, and everyone so far has advised that I join The American Legion and to be sure to read carefully THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. I am always glad to inform them that I have already done both. The article, “First Shot—Two Years Ago,” was worth the price of the WEEKLY. The cuts in the WEEKLY are very interesting indeed. I read all the Letters from Readers. The best pictures I have seen since I was discharged are the “Heroes of Yesterday at Today's Duties.” I have torn the page out of my weekly and put it up in a prominent place and I tell ex-soldiers to take a look at it. Last, but by no means least, I want to compliment you on your timely editorials.

J. B. BUNN.

Marked Tree, Ark.



### "Bring on Your Artillery"

To the Editor: Step on 'em. We want you to know down here that we are behind you. "A Starting Point for Slacker Drives" was a target. Bring on your artillery, brother. America for Americans.

GEORGE M. FREEMAN.

Sunflower, Miss.

### A Protest

To the Editor: As a member of The American Legion, Ora Hedrick Post, I wish to protest against the action of certain posts taking the law into their own hands and exercising mob rule to a certain extent, as was experienced in this country after the Civil War. I am not a Socialist and do not believe in handling foreign agitators with kid gloves, but I can't believe The American Legion can condone acts like the Cincinnati Legionnaires raiding Socialist headquarters, burning their literature and taking down the American flag, and the members of a post in Indiana that forcibly interfered with a collection of clothing being sent to Germany. I am for America and Americans first, last and always, but I believe this assumption of authority is detrimental to the welfare of the Legion and should be discountenanced.

ROY R. SCHMIDT.

Kentland, Ind.

### A Bouquet for Mr. Sheridan

To the Editor: I have been having trouble with my War Risk Insurance and, like almost everybody else, took up the matter with Washington last May and could get little if any information. I put the matter in the hands of Charles F. Sheridan, War Risk officer of The American Legion, about a month ago and had the matter cleaned up to my entire satisfaction. I feel as though it is up to me to urge everybody who is having trouble with insurance or wishes any information about the same to get in touch immediately with this courteous and efficient department of The American Legion.

G. H. OFSLAGER.

Rochester, N. Y.

### Unions and Profiteers

To the Editor: There are a number of labor union men in our post, June Van Meter No. 190, who don't like to see any American Legion post or group of men, acting as legionnaires, take a stand showing lack of sympathy with strikers. I have noticed that in several places Legion men have gone out of their way to condemn strikers. I urge all members of this order to investigate before they ever take any stand that will injure union labor. Let them get acquainted with the aims of the unions to better the condition of workers and they will realize that every raise of pay or betterment of condition for workers in one trade will enable other trades to obtain better conditions also. Let the Legion get after the diamonded profiteers with one-half the useless steam blown off in regard to radicals and an influence will be exerted in the right direction.

Clinton, Iowa.

GEORGE H. SMITH.



"NON-SKIDS" are picked by champions. They're worn by the crack college teams.

"Non-Skids" are brothers of the famous "Big Nine," with all the Nine Big Points of supremacy—only they're specially designed for Basket Ball work.

"Non-Skids" are made on our exclusive foot-form last, which gives ample toe room, a snug fit over the instep, and proper support.

They have the two-piece quarter instead of the single piece back, which permits shaping the back seam, thus obtaining a perfect fit around the ankles.

Our scientifically designed "Non-Skid" sole of live rubber eliminates all unnecessary weight, owing to our special light gravity compound. There is no inert "ballast" in "Non-Skid" soles.

Let "Non-Skids" help you win! Find the shop that sells them in your town. If brown is preferred, "All Star" is the same type of shoe.

### Converse "Sure Foot" (Suction Sole)

Another Converse Shoe that's very popular among basket ball experts who like the "suction sole" type. "Sure Foot" has proved itself in many a contest. Comfortable, fast, sure and durable.



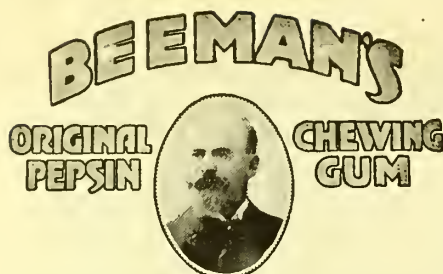
### Converse Rubber Shoe Co.,

Factory: Malden, Mass.

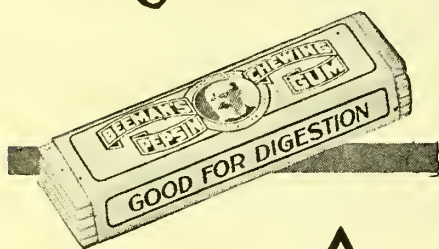
Service Branches:

Chicago-618-626 W. Jackson Blvd. New York-142 Duane St.  
Philadelphia-20 N. Third St.





good  
for  
digestion



## 5000 MILES

OF SERVICE AT 1/4 THE PRICE  
Guaranteed for 5000 Miles  
STANDARD GUARANTEE



Strong Double Tread Tires are reconstructed by our skilled mechanics, made of double the amount of fabric than any ordinary tire. Free from punctures or blow-outs. Our customers receive from 4,000 to 10,000 miles of service. Reliner Free. Order today at these low prices:

Size	Price	Size	Price
30x3...	\$5.50 1.60	34x4...	\$8.75 2.60
30x3 1/2...	6.50 1.75	34x4 1/2...	10.00 3.00
31x3 1/2...	6.75 1.85	35x4 1/2...	11.00 3.15
32x3 1/2...	7.00 2.00	36x4 1/2...	11.50 3.40
31x4...	8.00 2.25	38x5...	12.50 3.60
32x4...	8.25 2.40	38x5 1/2...	12.75 3.65
33x4...	8.50 2.50	37x5...	12.75 3.75

Send \$2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. E. or C. I. plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash-with-order discount.

### STRONG TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

3019 Michigan Ave., Dept. 104, Chicago, Ill.  
Reference Lincoln State Bank, Chicago

## Rhymes of The A. E. F.

A real souvenir of your days "over there." Written behind the lines, and in the S.O.S. by scrapping (and other) soldier-poets with the assistance of "cognac" and "vin blanc." All original and not found in print. A copy will be mailed postpaid 'tout de suite' upon receipt of two dimes; 3 copies 50 cents. Agents wanted,

### The A. E. F. Publishing Co.

910 1/2 Capitol Ave., Houston, Texas.  
(Members American Legion)

# EMPLOYMENT REGISTER

The information concerning opportunities for men formerly in service which will appear from time to time in this department, is furnished by special arrangement with the Service and Information Branch, War Plans Division of the Federal Government. Assurance is given by that department that every statement will be checked as to its accuracy before being submitted for publication. A detailed account of this activity was published in the WEEKLY of January 2, 1920.

In all cases where the employment in which you are interested is at a considerable distance, it is suggested that you take the matter up first by mail with the employer or firm concerned.

## Wisconsin

**TRACTOR COMPANY:** Opportunities for employment are offered by the Samson Tractor Company, Janesville, Wis. This company expects to expand during the next six months for from three to four thousand additional men. Preference will be given to former soldiers and sailors. There are vacancies in both the shops and offices. The lowest wage to start is 45 cents an hour. Men with a knowledge of the tractor game or skilled in a particular line will be paid at a higher rate. Opportunities are afforded married men to obtain a home on liberal terms. The company has more than 500 such homes under construction, 100 of which are nearly completed. Employees desiring to take up a home are required to deposit five per cent of the total cost. It is expected that the purchaser will pay each year twenty-five per cent of his earnings, and if he stays for five years with the company in the same house, \$800 will be deducted from the total cost of the house, which in reality is a bonus for five years continuous service. Write to the Personnel Service Department, Samson Tractor Company

## South Carolina

**MOTOR COMPANY:** Men who are familiar with the automobile game, and are desirous of locating in the south, are needed at once by the Anderson Motor Car Company, Rock Hill, S. C. The work consists of manufacturing and assembling automobiles. This plant is rapidly expanding; the opportunities offered appear to be above the average.

## Shipyards

**MECHANICS:** The Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., Sparrows Point, Md., advises that they have openings for first class mechanics in practically every shipyard trade at eighty cents an hour. There is also a need for 2,500 mechanics' helpers at fifty-four cents. Men for this work need not be experienced and after four to six months' time will receive the pay of first class mechanics. This appears to be an excellent opportunity to learn a trade. Five hundred service men have recently been employed. Apply to C. W. Moore, Service Department, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd., Sparrows Point, Md.,

## United States

**DENTISTS:** Fifty former officers or enlisted men who are dentists, are wanted by the United States Public Health Service to fill vacancies in that position. The successful applicants will be commissioned as first lieutenants and captains in the United States Public Health Service and will receive pay and allowances as do officers of corresponding grades in the Army. Apply to the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service (Attention of Dental Section), Washington, D. C.

## Foreign Service

**EMBALMERS:** The Graves Registration Service of the United States Army is in need of twenty-eight supervising embalmers and fifty-four technical assistants for foreign service. If possible, these positions are to be filled with qualified men who were formerly members of the American Expeditionary Forces. Supervising embalmers receive \$3,000 per year, plus 10 per cent for foreign service, and technical assistants, \$1,800 a year, plus 10 per cent for foreign service. A per diem allowance of four dollars a day is given when traveling, except when on shipboard, when room and meals are furnished without cost. Applications are received by Captain Wilbur L. Smith, Graves Registration Service, 1800 Virginia Ave., Washington, D. C.

## Everywhere

**RADIO OPERATORS:** Discharged service men who possess a commercial radio operator's license are wanted by the United States Shipping Board. First operators will be paid \$125 a month, and second operators, \$100, including board and quarters.

Radio operators trained at the government's expense during the war may secure a commercial radio

license by passing the required examination, which covers ability to receive twenty words a minute in continental code, theoretical knowledge of radio, and the United States laws on radio. Examinations may be taken at the Custom Houses at Boston, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans and San Francisco; at the Federal Buildings in Chicago and Detroit; and at Washington, D. C., in the Department of Commerce Building; Norfolk, in the Citizens' Trust Building; and Seattle, in the L. C. Smith Building. Operators already licensed should communicate with the United States Shipping Board, Radio Department, Washington, D. C., or with the Sea Service Bureau, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

The Shipping Board says: "An excellent opportunity is provided for any bright young man to see the world and at the same time be very well paid for his services. Those who desire advancement may easily spend their spare time studying navigation or engineering. A period of three or four months is required for an inexperienced man to attain a speed of twenty words a minute."

## Industrial Training

**MANY FIRMS TRAIN MEN:** Rather than depend upon the uncertainties of the skilled labor supply, many firms today prefer to create their own supply by training their unskilled labor. Inasmuch as this is plainly a business proposition, such firms naturally select the men who give the greatest promise of profiting by the training. The men themselves are carried as employees of the company and are paid regular wages, but they are at the same time being given training that will enable them to do a higher grade of work, and as soon as they are qualified the better job is open to them.

By this system returned soldiers, who, before the war, were capable of earning only from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, are enabled to realize their ambition to do bigger things. These men cannot bring themselves to the idea of merely working for a living wage.

Advantages to the employer derived from such a system of training are increased productive power and reduction of costs by correcting waste due to inefficiency.

Realization of the purpose of this plan will mean a vast army of contented workers.

Firms giving industrial training were reported in December as follows:

Connecticut—Hartford: Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., typewriters, New Park Avenue; New Britain: The Stanley Works, sheet steel hardware. Can take limited number into vestibule school.

Illinois—Chicago: Automatic Electric Co., automatic telephones, apply to W. H. Walker, employment department, 1001 W. Van Buren St.; Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., comptometer and adding machines, 1713-35 N. Paulina St.; Montgomery Ward & Co. (Mail Order House).

Indiana—Fort Wayne, General Electric Co., generators, dynamos and electric goods.

Maryland—Sparrows Point: Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., positions available for 5,000.

Massachusetts—Beverly: United Shoe Machinery Corp., shoe-making machinery, can take limited number; Boston: B. F. Sturtevant Co., blowers, engines, fans, motors, ventilators, can take limited number; Southbridge: American Optical Co., eyeglasses, accessories, lenses, chiefly for wholly unskilled.

Michigan—Detroit: The Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Auto Axles; Lansing: Reo Motor Car Co., automobiles and trucks; forty cents per hour while learning. Two-year course.

Missouri—St. Louis: Century Electric Co., motors and fans; will take limited number of mechanics.

New Jersey—Camden: New York Shipbuilding Corp.; Newark: Submarine Boat Corp., Newark Bay Shipyard, P. O. Box 456, cargo ships; openings for two or three hundred men a week; course lasts from three to ten weeks; must speak English, be under thirty-three years of age, possess mechanical experience or show an inclination for mechanical work, size up well physically and mentally, be willing to stay with the corporation after training.

New York—Brooklyn: The Sperry Gyroscope Co., Manhattan Bridge Plaza, sewing machines; Buffalo: Spencer Lens Co., microscopes, optical instruments and lenses; can take very limited number.

Ohio—Akron: B. F. Goodrich Co., auto tires; Cincinnati: Herschede Hall Clock Co., clocks; Cleveland: Clothcraft Shops of the Joseph & Feiss Co. 2149-57 W. 53d Street, men's clothing; admit to apprentice course men of high type who show executive ability; The Printz-Biederman Co., women's clothes.

Pennsylvania—Chester: Sun Shipbuilding Corp., Chester Shipbuilding Corp., cooperative plan for students; two weeks in plant, two weeks in school; Philadelphia: The Miller Lock Co., thirty cents while learning in assembling department, later forty to sixty cents; Pennsylvania Railroad, Eastern Lines, telegraphy, school of telegraphy at 1625 Filbert Street; Albro-Clem Elevator Co., electric elevators; will take unskilled wood-workers as helpers; Harriman Merchant Shipbuilding Corp., cargo ships, forty-six to fifty cents after twelve days if applicant qualifies.

Rhode Island—Bristol: National India Rubber Co., shoes.



## FIND YOUR BUDDY

(Continued from page 25)

**K COMPANY, 160TH INFANTRY.**—Private Rector Morgan reported killed. Mother has no other information. Anyone who knew this man in France address Mrs. Ray Morgan, Condon, Ore.

**ERIC H. GORDON, 5th Company, Fourth Mechanic Regiment, Air Service,** write M. Kuhn, 1221 Milwaukee Avenue, Portland, Ore.

**E COMPANY, 58th INFANTRY.**—Address of Private James Holden sought by Ruth Palmer, 486 Washington Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

**HORACE COPPLE,** believed to be A. W. O. L. in Kansas, write Mark James, 135 West 16th Street, New York City.

**A COMPANY, 56TH INFANTRY.**—Corporal Jesse C. Strong was killed while on patrol on the night of November 8, 1918. Anyone who knew any particulars of the death write his father, D. C. Strong, Lake View, Iowa, Box 16.

**B BATTERY, SECOND TRENCH MORTAR BATTALION.**—Walter C. Aldridge, Lock Box 526, Sioux City, Iowa, desires to hear from former buddies.

**G COMPANY, 112th INFANTRY.**—Gerhard Q. Linge was reported by the Adjutant General to have died of wounds September 28, 1918, had life insurance in a private company with double indemnity if death occurred within ninety days after wounded. The insurance company will not take the word of the Adjutant General and refuses to pay without positive proof, and the War Department will not furnish the facts or names of those who know them. It is thought that he was instantly killed by an exploding shell. Will some comrade who knows the facts write C. L. Clark, Adjutant, Fort Benton Post 26, Fort Benton, Mont.

**MISSING:** Charles E. Griffin, organization unknown. He formerly resided at Hyde Park, Cal., and then in Chicago, Ill. Enlisted in the Army the latter part of 1916 or early in 1917. He was assigned to a Motor Train Corps and was later made a sergeant. The last time heard from, he was located at a camp in Alabama. His company was expecting to go overseas at that time. Address Ross L. Schultz, 475 Brandeis Theater Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**MISSING:** Louis Jackson Tabor, bugler, Company E, Twenty-eighth Infantry. Reported wounded in action, July 18, 1918. Anyone having further knowledge of this soldier communicate with his mother, Mrs. Susan Tabor, 135 Washington Street, Columbus, Ind.

**MISSING:** Private Carl E. Mishler, Co. H, 18th Infantry, was reported wounded in action and taken to an unknown hospital. Can anyone give any information in regard to his death or whereabouts? Washington has failed to give any information and his mother has never received any definite answer. Write Mrs. James L. Mishler, Pearl City, Iowa.

**LIEUTENANT J. E. HELGOOD, Q. M. C.,** on duty in April 1919, at Camp No. 1, St. Nazaire, write E. Ingram, Paducah, Ky.

**LELAN FLANEY, I Company, Thirteenth Infantry,** write the man you met on the way to Camp Mills, Robert G. Brown, Ridgewood, N. J.

**95TH COMPANY, 6TH MARINES.**—Le Roy Harry Delaney was wounded at Soissons in July, 1918, according to word the family received in November of that year from a sergeant in his company. Last April he was reported buried, date and place unknown. Mother seeks word from anyone who knew him. Address Mrs. John Delaney, Salem Pike, Mount Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**HARRY ROSENBAUM,** formerly with Embarkation Hospital, Newport News, write Sergeant M. A. Cohen, Box 115, Bunell, Colo.

**LIEUTENANT ELMER E. WOODS,** with an engineer outfit in the A. E. F., write R. A. Whiteside, Beaver Falls, Pa.

**MISSING:** Second Lieutenant Lester L. Kinnear, 115th Infantry, last heard from in March, 1919. Address his father, S. R. Kinnear, Hereford, Colo.

**MISSING:** Private George W. Snook, Jr., H Company, 26th Infantry. Unofficially reported wounded and died on field July 22, 1918, at Soissons. Later reported all right and on October 3 went in Argonne drive. Address Mrs. George W. Snook, Pretty Rock, N. D.

**MISSING:** Corporal George M. Bissett, B Company, 58th Infantry, was last seen about 5 p. m. on September 29, 1918, fighting his way through a thicket in the Argonne. His family has received no definite information regarding his fate. Address Duncan Bissett, Amenia, N. D.

**CHESTER A. PIKE,** Verndale, Minn., has received by mistake some property belonging to a man of the same name who served as a pharmacist at the Naval Hospital, Paris Island, S. C.

**ALGER JOHN ROOT,** discharged from the Navy, July 17, 1919, write your mother, Mrs. John Root, 139 Madison Street, Oskina, N. Y.

**JAMES HOLDEN, E Company, 58th Infantry,** Frank H. Reilly, 837 Racine Street, Milwaukee, Wis., has something important to tell you.

**EDWARD J. McCABE.**—Information was requested of this man in issue of November 21 based on letter of sister who wrote that she had asked the War Risk Insurance Bureau for his company and regiment but had received no reply. R. W. Emerson, assistant director, War Risk Insurance Bureau, sends the WEEKLY a copy of the reply addressed to Mary E. Downes, 53 Green Street, Charleston, Mass., acknowledging request for information as to McCabe's organization and whereabouts. The letter is dated December 20, 1918, and is in reply to a communication dated September 4. On April 3 of that year McCabe was with the Sixth Cavalry in Winchester, England. The War Risk Bureau is not informed of troop movements. Such requests should be directed to the Adjutant General.

**80TH COMPANY, 6TH MARINES.**—Raymond Alvin Pinkerton was wounded at Soissons, July 19, 1918, and evacuated to a hospital according to a note addressed to his mother by his company commander, Captain Van Doren. This was confirmed by government report. Here official trace of Private Pinkerton ends. In absence of records the Marine Corps "presumes" he is dead. The boy's mother clings to the hope that this may be a mistake and that her son may be a mental case in some hospital. Anyone who has any information concerning Private Pinkerton address Mrs. Margaret S. Pinkerton, 158 North Broadway, Middletown, Ohio.

**WILLIAM B. DEAL, F Company, 16th Engineers,** your buddy, George Mitchell, 351 Seward Avenue, Detroit, Mich., who hasn't seen you since you were wounded on November 1, 1918, wants you to drop him a line.

**MISS ADELYN B. GRAVES, 102 Ardmore Avenue,** Ardmore, Pa., would like to hear from the following ex-service men: Charles H. Smith, Forty-second Infantry; Porter G. Winn, Forty-second Infantry; Claude Nielson, Paris Command, A. E. F.; Louis M. Reese, 109th Infantry.

**CORPORAL A. KLEIN, F Company 307th, Infantry,** baggage agent of the West Shore Railroad at Kingston, N. Y., has your barracks bag. Address William Newkirk, 169 Down Street, Kingston.

Information concerning **OSCAR J. FALK,** who went overseas with an ambulance unit that trained in Florida, and **DOAK ESTER CARTER,** formerly of the Navy, stationed for a time at Mare Island, California, or their nearest relative, is sought by John Andy Real, Ophir, Colo.

**L. J. Jenkins, Box 62, El Reno, Okla.,** wants the address of **HAROLD HERNDON,** formerly of the 314th Gas and Flame Company, stationed at Newport News, Va.

## SAID THE HOTCHKISS TO THE VICKERS

(Continued from page 17)

**KAI, KAI, KAI, KAI, KAI, KAI!**  
The Browning's answer came exultant. Six hundred a minute he talked. The Frenchman gave one look of thankfulness; it was worth the whole A. E. F. effort to see it. The Britisher reached over his right hand and kept on firing with his left.

"Shake," said he.

The Boche heard the new note; felt the new strength against him. The Germans ceased firing in front. The old horizon blue Hotchkiss gave a sharp command and the three went forward, regaining the front line trench.

*Plop, plop, plop, plop, plop!*

It came from the flank.

*Tat-tat-tat, tat-tat-tat! Crackcrack, crackcrackcrack! Kai, kai, kai, kai, kai!*

The three bucked up and rushed. They broke through and started for the Boche second line.

*Plop!*

"Kamerad!"

That was all.

Next morning in the ordnance shop the Browning was polishing his faultless bolt, when the Hotchkiss and Vickers came up.

"Say, Yank," said the Vickers, "teach us that new song you sang last night.

The Yank said, "Sure."

## The Sad Sad Dollar

Is it worth anything? Is it any good? Will it get you anywhere? Will it buy you anything?

Yes!  
It is!  
It does!  
It can!



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Vanity Fair, 19 West 44th Street, New York City

I am going to see for myself if you are as good as you think you are. Here's my dollar. Send along your next FIVE issues—SIX, if this gets to you on time (OR I'll remit one dollar on receipt of your bill. (Canadian \$1.25.)

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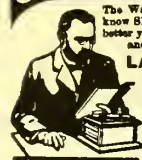
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# 310 INFANTRY CO. “F”

Former Co. “F,” 310th Infantry men will want a copy of

## THE HISTORY

of the organization they served in during the war—August 29, 1917, to June 5, 1919. Only twenty copies more available. Price \$2.50 post-paid.

**GORDON HOGE**

23 Park Avenue New York City

# The Goat

(Continued from page 7)

that was searing her son's soul from his body. But there was an added evidence of climax. The goat!

The animal seemed seized with a demon.

Never quiet, it became furious, lunged against its chain and butted its hard head against the walls of the shack which threatened to collapse under the force of the blows.

The frightened woman bent closer, clasped the boy to her breast, half covering him as if to shield him from the danger against which there is no barrier. He whimpered faintly and snuggled into the protection of her arms. Subconsciously he, too, felt the influence and dreaded it.

Then as her mounting terror became a force that periled her very reason, the hellish bawling in the outer darkness turned to a shriek, a gasp, and ceased altogether. A terrific pull cracked a board near the door and brought down a little cupboard with a crash. And then, for the first time since she had purchased the goat, came peace.

Half believing, not daring to hope, she laid the boy gently down, released his clinging arms and tiptoed timidly to the door. She opened it and cried out a prayer of thanksgiving to the God she had come to doubt. Just beyond the threshold lay the goat. She did not need a second look to know that he was dead.

Dead!

IT WAS a sign from heaven. It was ordained that her son was not to die. He must live.

Scarce waiting to close the door she flung herself back to the side of the cot and, kneeling on the dirt floor, raised the boy's head and shoulders and tried to make him understand.

There was no response from Hadrian. As he lay supinely in her eager arms only the fever, the beacon of death still blazing, told her that the destroyer had not yet arrived.

She talked to him, talked incessantly—in broken English that tripped her tongue, more fluently in her native idiom.

She cajoled, threatened, pleaded in an agony of apprehension lest the flickering spark of life go out altogether before Hadrian should know that he was destined to live. Her voice was vibrant with the mesmerism of conviction. He must not die. She would not let him die.

And through the shades of death that were closing over him he heard her call.

With difficulty he opened his eyes. “Hear me, Hadrian, hear me,” she cried. “The goat, the beast, he is dead. It is a sign. You must live.”

The boy's glazed eyes glowed with understanding.

“Yes, mom,” she heard him whisper. “I'll get well now. He was a strong goat.”

Back from the valley of the shadow walked the soul of Hadrian Scarpa.

Shortly after daylight the doctor found him sleeping contentedly. The fever was subsiding.

CROTHERS came to see him early that day. He sat silent, expectant, at the foot of the cot and followed the doctor's every movement with feverish eyes.

Along toward noon on the following day, Hadrian opened his eyes, gulped down a spoonful of liquid food with signs of relish and smiled at the specter that watched him.

“Lo, Boss,” he said. “I beat the goat.” Then he fell asleep again and the doctor turned to the superintendent.

“He's going to live,” he announced with conviction. Whereupon Crothers fainted dead away.

They thought his collapse due to the long hours without sleep spent in his tireless vigil by Hadrian's bedside. They did not discover until they were laying him in a bed at the hospital that two ribs and his right wrist were broken and his right hand lacerated, blackened and swollen.

“Blood poisoning,” said the doctor. “Take him up to the operating room.”

When Crothers was brought down again his right hand was gone and there were numerous rubber drains in his arm.

“Looks like a life for a life, all right,” said the physician as he surveyed the mill boss, whose hard face had softened in his drugged sleep. There was a note of awe in his voice.

There had been prophecy in the half-crazed lamentations of the Widow Scarpa and here was its fulfillment.

Then from the mazes of ether, the brain of the superintendent emerged unclouded, undaunted by the destiny which the goat, by the untimely cessation of its ghostly vigil, had left him as a heritage.

“Hello, Doc,” he greeted as he saw the physician's anxious face. “This looks like one more score for the goat, doesn't it?”

“The goat's dead,” the doctor reminded him, feeling much as if he were speaking of the man's death warrant.

But Crothers seemed to have missed the significance of the statement. He was smiling.

“I remember, Doc,” he replied. . . . “Hadn't any weapon with me . . . Got my hand cut on the tin collar choking the beast to death. . . .”

“ . . . He sure was a powerful goat.”

A fifty-three-year-old youth. “Dad” Childs, is one of the liveliest members of Darrell Dunkel Post, Reno, Nevada. He is a veteran of the Spanish War, served with the British early in the last war, and then got an age waiver from the War Department so that he could join the A. E. F.

Five thousand seven hundred members in Learned Post No. 1, of Detroit. The post's neat publication, the *Legionaire*, is a model for other posts to copy.



## THE WAY OUT—PRODUCE

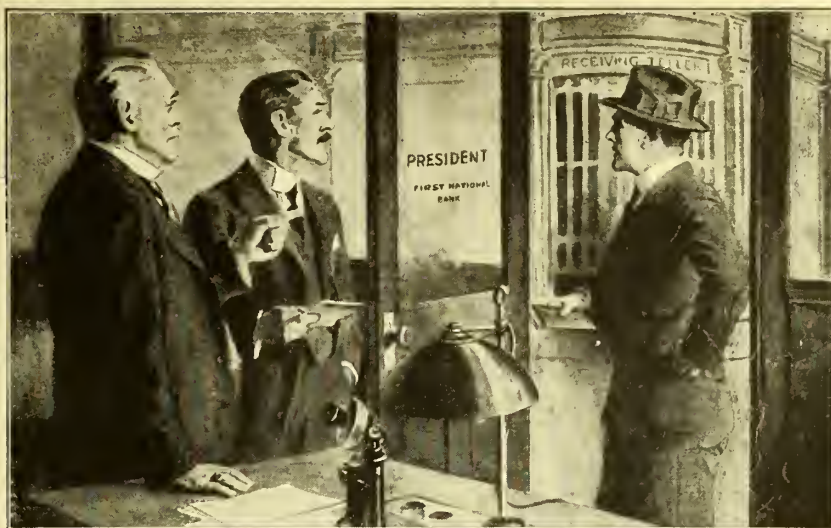
(Continued from page 9)

and it need not be done. Soil and weather will give the answer in due course. Our part is to plough and harrow and sow, to keep out weeds and ward off pests and to leave the growing crop alone. That is just about what government can do with business. And be sure to get hold of the fact that it is plenty.

THESE schemes for having all sorts of human activities regulated in detail are much too small-minded for the scale of modern life. After a big war most of us ought to know what red tape is and how terribly it slows up getting things done. Law and order we must have, peace, and good faith between man and man. Government started out as a profit-grabbing king business, but today it exists to maintain justice for all. If that is secured it is enough. But government regulation of business details never made life easier except for the office-holders. It has been tried for hundreds of years, off and on, given up in disgust and then attempted again when prejudice and theory once more got ahead of common sense. The fact is that the only successful commissions and boards during the late war were those which picked out certain big jobs to be done, certain standards to be lived up to, and then inspired all those in that field to lend a hand by regulating themselves. Even by taking it higher up in this limited way, trouble was made because the governmental officials did not sufficiently consider the locking together of certain sorts of prices. They kept away from the details as far as possible but still there were too many details for easy and effective handling. This experience was costly enough and important enough to be remembered. When men talk of more boards down at Washington, D. C., or more commissions bossing everything, more orders flooding the mails and blocking the wires, they are talking of putting business in hand-cuffs and leg-irons. We need things freer than that if we are to catch up with our lost days. Get your mind tuned up for production, think of doing things, of making things. Get your teeth fast in the best job you can find and make it hum. That is the way and the only way to get good times back again, to catch up with our 3,000,000,000 lost days. And we'll all be doing it before winter is over.

The *Tiger Bulletin*, the publication of *Tiger Post* No. 23, New York City, contains in its first number the resolution of the post favoring the teaching of the American language to all aliens and the checking of foreign language newspapers in the country.

Allegheny County, Pa., posts held an elaborate get-together week that ended on December 22. It seemed as though most of the 50,000 veterans of the county visited the scene of the festivities in Pittsburgh, where the county band of seventy-five ex-service men, a grand ball, acts of vaudeville, and military weddings all combined to insure success.



## "He Deposits \$500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits \$500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping      | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENG'N      | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant                            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer            | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman             | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law                                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                  | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder     | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman    | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder           | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer        | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING       | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker         | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING                             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt.  | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                    | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> French      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |

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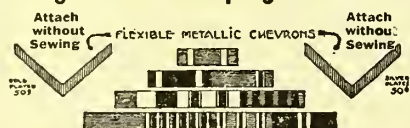
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## THE OLD-TIMER

(Continued from page 13)

"Oh, I'll admit I haven't done any great amount of campaigning in this war. Been in the Confectionary Corps, I call it. This wound stripe is for stopping a bolo eighteen years ago next month on the Island of Mindanao. This was a right smart of an uprising, I won't deny. The regimental histories'll probably make it out considerably bigger than anything we had in Cuba or the Islands or out in China, for in those days we kept our wars small and exclusive.

"I've been out twelve months and twenty-three days, by the regimental history, without seeing a white woman or a white man outside the outfit. They didn't have the Y. M. C. A. or the movies out there, or the Salvation Army girls baking doughnuts. There wasn't any hostess houses in the rest areas, where fine young ladies, who wouldn't have shook hands with a Reg'l in the old days, hand out chocolate and cakes and have dances and parties for the men. There wasn't any rest areas to begin with. And leaves! What did a soldier know about leaves? Officers got leaves; a soldier got a furlough once in a while and passed it in ways that were a soldier's up in Manila. Now they go to a leave center, bunk in some old duke's chatoo, and chow in a swell canteen and loaf around and look at the scenery. It ain't like the old days.

"No, the wars were small and exclusive then. I don't recall as the regimental history ever mentioned an uprising like this; only those such as the army and a few volunteers went out to. Now the whole blamed country goes out, women and children included. A nation in arms, they call it. It makes a difference. Yes, by George, and I don't see how the army'll ever get over this war and be the same afterward. I've thought it over and I'm going home and retire. I've got a chicken farm in Indiana. A seventy-eight-varieties-of-candy army is too many varieties for me."

The eternal scene-shifter, Time, has stricken the set, and the old soldier, who has served so long and so well, finds himself on a strange stage. The old order changes, never without a regret from those who helped to make it what it was and cannot understand why it could not endure forever. The closing tragedy in the life of the patriarch who has outlived his day is to behold the symbols of his youth swept away.

The old army was the product of an epoch which has passed to the realm of those revered regimental histories the sergeant majors used to write. Hail and farewell! The new army, whatever it may be like, which always emerges from the period immediately following a great war, will find in its cradle a price-

less birthright in the heritage of unsung loyalty which that obscure hero, the old soldier, has bequeathed it.

## PESSIMISTS, OPTIMISTS AND PEPTOMISTS

(Continued from page 14)

in and serve on Bolshevik, Socialist, Anarchist and Profiteer alike the notice contained in the motto—"He profits most who serves best."

Mr. Sheehan was born in Ireland, and was educated in the public schools of New Jersey, attending the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn at night. He wanted to be a machinist, and when he reached the age of seventeen he entered a machine shop. He made a practical study of special machinery, tools, dies and fixtures, which led him into developing the ways and means of eliminating the human agency and substituting the mechanical and automatic force. He declares that he was continually asking himself the question in those days:

"What does a piece of steel contain, and what can be done with it?" He still asks a similar question when he employs a man at his big New Jersey plant:

"Of what material is this man made, and what can be done with him?"

Cornelius Tillman Post, of Hooper, Neb., has a membership of seventy-five and is proud of the fact that it was one of the first posts started in the state. It has leased the second floor of a business building and is setting it in order for a post headquarters.

Every man but one in the neighborhood of Concord Post, Erie County, New York, has joined the post. The one delinquent is a conscientious objector and the post is trying to get him to apply, in order to turn him down hard. The big posts of the county are transferring some of their members to the smaller posts, so as to even up.

All former officers of the Fort Harrison Post No. 40, Terre Haute, Ind., acted as cooks, H. P., and waiters and showed the bucks a good time at the post meeting on December 8. The ancient bean was served in such attractive disguise that nobody recognized it. The affair was as novel as its success was great.

Manchester (Vermont) papers, the *Union* and the *Leader*, are printing regular Legion news, in recognition of the fact that the Henry J. Sweeney Post and the William H. Jutras Post of that city are so prominent in the community that no papers could ignore them. The former post has over 1,000 members.

Unless it be Concord Post of Erie County, N. Y., which boasts all service men of the town but one enrolled in the Legion, the palm for obtaining the biggest percentage of local veterans goes to El Paso No. 59, El Paso, Illinois. This post has 113 out of 121 men enrolled.

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your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us; we are glad to invest in new friends. Pathfinder, Box 90, Washington, D. C.

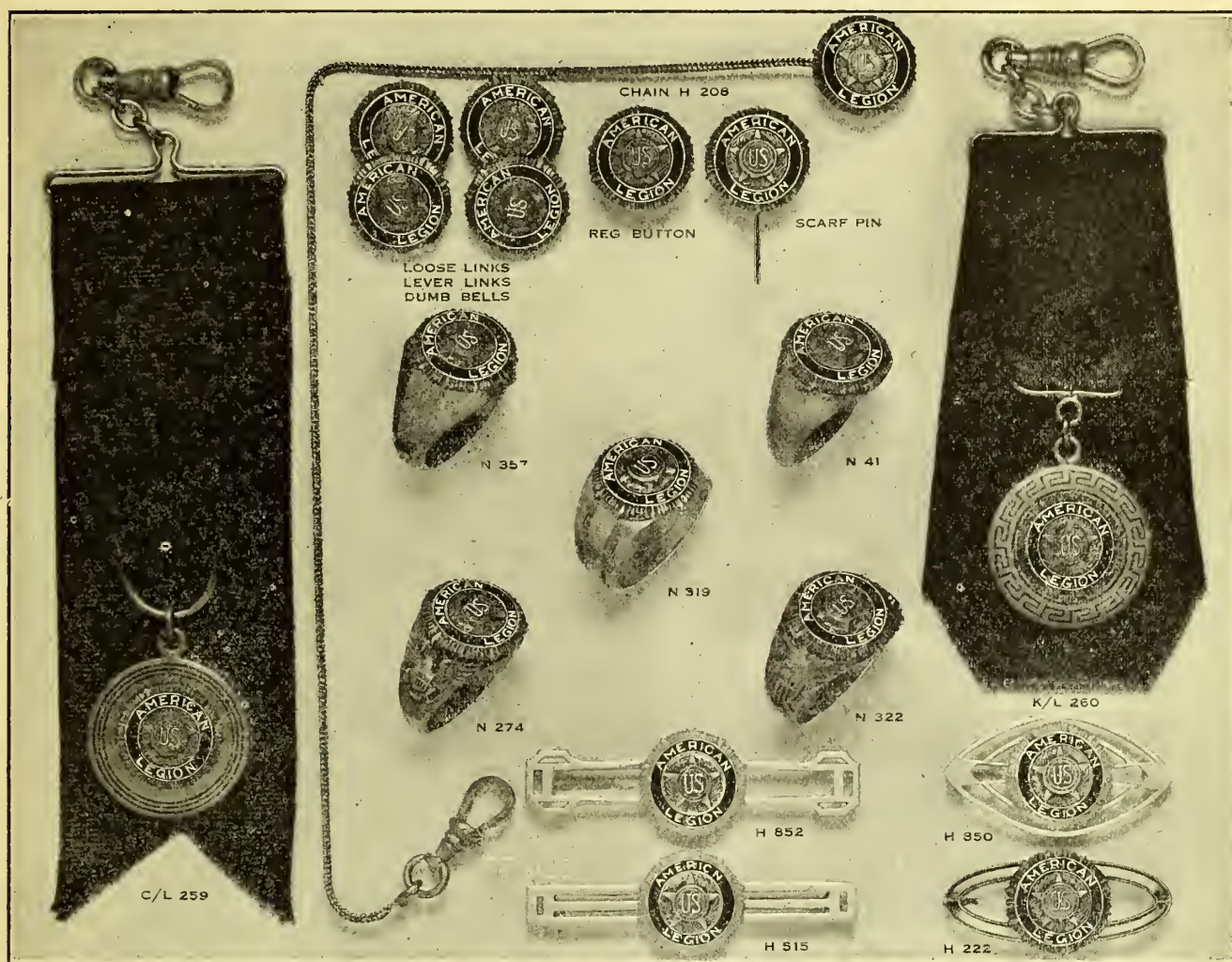
The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 27th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is the paper for you. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us; we are glad to invest in new friends. Pathfinder, Box 90, Washington, D. C.



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N319.....	12.00 "	15.00 "	H222.....	2.00 "	6.00 "
N274.....	10.00 "	16.50 "	H852.....	2.00 "	6.00 "
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N357.....	15.00 "	22.50 "			

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SILK OR SUEDE FOB COMPLETE  
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Plate, Button and Chain.....	\$1.50
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All orders must be accompanied by cash or money order. Above prices include postage prepaid.

Above jewelry will be sold only to members of The American Legion or for their use. All orders must be signed by an authorized officer of Local Post, or must contain statement that writer is a member of The American Legion.

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